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THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES: "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT DRURY LANE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The assassination of Mr. Terriss has caused not only deep regret among all who knew him, but a general feeling of sympathy beyond what is paid to the fate of an ordinary individual. The popularity of the stage is much greater in these days than of old, and large classes of people take an interest in it who have little to do with playgoing. There was also the dramatic, or rather the melodramatic, character of the crime itself, committed upon a hero of melodrama, and on the very confines of its temple, the Adelphi Theatre. Notwithstanding the jealousies attributed to actors, there have been no deadly quarrels among themselves, and but few catastrophes in connection with the profession. Before the recent one occurred, that which excited the greatest interest and sympathy was the murder of Miss Reay by the Rev. James Hackman in 1779. The circumstances of the case were very unusual, for the actress had lived under the protection of the Earl of Sandwich for nineteen years, and had borne him nine children, one of whom was a prominent member of the English Bar. She was nearly twice the age of her assassin, who seems to have become the victim of an ungovernable passion at first sight. At that time he was an officer in the army, and though disappointed in his hopes of promotion, he really seems to have exchanged his profession for that of the Church with some idea that it would turn his thoughts from the fascination that consumed him. It was while he was in the 68th Regiment and quartered at Huntingdon that he became a frequent guest of Lord Sandwich (who had a country seat near that town) and made Miss Reay's acquaintance. On April 7, 1779, after passing the afternoon in his lodgings in London "reading Blair's Sermons," he went to Covent Garden, where Miss Reay happened to be a spectator of "Love in a Village," and unable, as he said, to contain himself on seeing her, returned home for a couple of pistols and waited at the playhouse door till the performance was concluded. As she stepped into her coach he took in each hand a pistol, shot her with one, killing her on the spot, and discharged the other at himself without effect. He then beat himself about the head with the butt end till he was secured. The same day he had written to his brother-in-law announcing his intention of committing suicide, and adjuring him, if it should ever be in his power to do Miss Reay some sort of friendship, to do it. In these days there is little doubt that the man would have been acquitted on the ground of insanity, but our forefathers were unacquainted with the modern theory of "uncontrollable impulse," and the Rev. Mr. Hackman was hanged.

The two men of the present century whose personality made the greatest impression while they lived, and whose authority most rapidly ceased after their departure from among us, were probably Lord Brougham and Dr. Whewell. Their names, which were once in all men's mouths, are now but rarely uttered. What others said of them rather than what they said themselves is alone recorded. Few will probably remember what Whewell wrote upon the annual adjustment or arrangement of time, which, however familiar, is little understood. It cannot be inappropriate to refer to it on New Year's Day. The vegetable clockwork is so set, he tells us, as to go for a year. If the movement of the earth were any different from what it is, the working of the botanical world would be thrown into utter disorder, the function of plants would be entirely deranged, and the whole vegetable kingdom involved in rapid extinction. If the summer or autumn were shorter, the fruits would not ripen; if they were longer, the trees would put forth a fresh set of blossoms, to be cut down by the winter. If, again, the year were twice its length, a second crop of fruit would probably not be matured, for want, among other things, of an intermediate season of rest such as the winter is. The openings of leaves and of flowers are so constant to their times—their appointed times, as we naturally call them—that their occurrences may be taken as indications of the date. "We could easily make a calendar of Flora," says Whewell, which indeed he proceeds to do. "There are at least ten thousand kinds of vegetable watches," he adds, "which are all accommodated to the solar year, and the evidence of their being contrived to go by it is as complete as exists in the cases [he doesn't mean in the cases, of course] of mechanical dials which are timed by man for other periods." After this let us hear no more aspirations of "Would it were always May!" and so on, since it is clear it would be no improvement. When Whewell was alive he had a rival in omniscience in Dr. Donaldson. The latter, however, used to say, "Well, I'm not a conceited man, but I'm hanged if I don't know everything but botany." And there, it seems, Whewell had the advantage of him.

It is noteworthy how often the saving of life from drowning is not only repeated by the same individual, but also "runs in families," who become, as it were, specialists in that branch of philanthropic enterprise. It has nothing to do with heredity, since it is not observed to extend beyond one generation. A curious instance of it occurred the other day, when Lieutenant A. C. Lowry, of H.M.S. *Empress of India*, received the Royal Humane Society's medal for conspicuous gallantry in plunging overboard

fully clothed, in a heavy gale, to rescue a young seaman. Not only was it not the first recognition of the same kind Mr. Lowry had received, but three of his brothers have distinguished themselves in a similar manner. Example may have something to do with the development of this species of heroism, but how strange that the opportunity of exhibiting it should occur to so many of the same family!

The recently disinterred bones of Voltaire and Rousseau had, up till now, one thing at least in common with the relics of many saints—namely, a doubt whether they were really in their receptacles or not, and this has now been dispelled. The skull of the great satirist has been recognised from its likeness to a portrait painted of him; it should be added, in extreme old age, since to those who are acquainted with skulls it would otherwise be a very unflattering statement. The extreme reverence paid to the relics of saints in old times, though defended by St. Augustine, was opposed by other divines, especially by Vigiliatus of Barcelona, a capital name for an investigator. There were certainly incidents in connection with them which were much to be reprobed. Sometimes the relics were so valuable that one monastery stole them from another, as collectors still appropriate the possessions of other collectors. The monks of Ramsey thus "conveyed" from Ely the bones of St. Felix by water, "with psalms of joy," an imprudence which caused the monks of Ely to detect the theft and pursue them. Their capture would have been certain but for a dense mist which arose (the pursued said "providentially") between the vessels, and so it came about that in the church of Ramsey they were finally enshrined. Another bad feature in the relic system was the forgeries it produced. Fuller tells us that in his time there was enough timber of the true cross to build a ship with; and when Edward VI. gave command for the extirpation of the superstition that the teeth of St. Apollonia—not the patron saint, we may be sure, of dentists—cured the toothache, teeth were collected from her various shrines "enough to fill a tun." Strange to say, "there was no felony in such wares."

The Empress Constantina made the modest request to Pope Gregory that he should give her the head of St. Paul to place in the church she was building in honour of that Apostle at Constantinople. He replied, not without a hint at her audacity, that he could not oblige her. "However, Madam, not to frustrate your pious desire, I will send you some portion of the chains St. Paul wore, if I am able to file off any." And with a few iron filings she had to be content.

There was a time when statesmen and politicians were the patrons of literature; and they patronise it still, though without conferring on it, as of old, any material benefit. Especially do they delight, in vacation time, to lay a flattering hand upon the shoulder of Fiction, an affability which would, however, be more welcome if they were on terms of greater familiarity with it. Anything a Minister, or even an ex-Minister, says, is, of course, good "copy" for the newspapers, but otherwise one can hardly see the reason for the prominence that is given to the utterances of these amateur critics. They have generally the prudence, one observes, to confine their observations to writers of some generations ago, from which we gather that it was only in their boyhood that they have made any acquaintance with novels. Without Sir Walter Scott we fear they would be in a bad way for the materials of their literary lectures: he is their "standing dish," from which they cut and come again, and they generally refer to his successors as "other novelists." When these latter are their topics they become vague. One statesman who the other day had his attention (compulsorily) drawn to Dickens, admitted that he was "a considerable fact"; but on more than one occasion he has, unfortunately, shown it to be a fact with which he has only a slight acquaintance. Still more recently another statesman, after the usual *réchauffé* of Sir Walter, expressed his view that the subjects on which he had written were exhausted; that the day of the historical novel (which he appears to have thought has gone on uninterruptedly from the days of Scott) was over, and that it behoved writers of fiction to give themselves up to character-drawing. It is creditable to this great politician that, absorbed no doubt in affairs of State, he should have kept himself so utterly and completely in ignorance of the whole trend of modern fiction. For one novel which two or three generations ago concerned itself with the delineation of character, and the effect of circumstances upon its growth, there are now fifty. Self-consciousness, introspection, mental vivisection, and in particular the tracing of a human life from childhood to the grave, have long ago taken the place of plot and incident, and very bad substitutes for them they are: to conceive that the latter are exhausted through overuse is a misconception of the whole matter indeed. Without a breach of good manners, one may fairly ask what would be said of the novelist if he were to take to the platform and discourse in this patronising manner upon metaphysics, bimetallism, or even politics? The reply would obviously be that he had better not, since he probably knows nothing about them. But that, it is quite certain, is no bar to the politician discoursing upon fiction, and what is sauce for (or in) the goose should be sauce for the gander.

A certain late imperial utterance has probably given the greatest satisfaction in the way of amusement that has ever been derived from a speech from a throne. The people who heard it and dared not laugh must have suffered from internal convulsions, which is a serious matter (Mr. Weller senior, it will be remembered, encouraged them for the purpose of enjoying the society of the shepherd without his suspecting it, and but for Sam's advice would have fallen victim to them), but the world at large has laughed its fill. Never did egotism and vanity attain such magnificent proportions. What is, however, to be regretted about the exhibition is that it can never be surpassed. One's impression is similar to what is made by some superlatively good joke, of which one says to its utterer, "You will never beat that as long as you live." There seems nothing left for the imperial egotist to say or do to impress his satisfaction with himself more strongly upon (if one may venture to call them so) his fellow-creatures. There was, however, a certain King of Judea who has given a hint as to what can be done in this way: "When he saw himself on the point to die, he sent for all his nobles, and when they were come, earnestly desired that, being enclosed in the cirque by the soldiers, they should all be slain, not for any crimes they were guilty of, but [as he said] that when he was dead there might be a real, just, and universal grief at his funeral, since there would be no family exempt from the calamity." The proposition, strange to say, was not acceded to.

To take a beautiful young female farmer, such as one finds in "Far from the Madding Crowd," and marry her to a wicked old General, with a fashionable family in Portman Square, seems an audacious enterprise even in fiction, but it has been accomplished by the author of "Deborah of Tod's," not only extremely well, but so as to be believed. Deborah, a young woman of six and twenty or so, lives in the farm whence she takes her name, and which she manages with skill and knowledge. She has inherited the considerable wealth made by her forefathers in days more prosperous for the land, but lives in the simplest manner; but has no education save what she has given herself, and her speech is provincial. Nevertheless, she is not only of old family, but her father, who had made a runaway marriage, had died an officer in the Hussars. She is very independent of spirit, but simple to an extreme degree. General Sir Arthur D'Alton, K.C.B., passing by Tod's, while residing temporarily in Devon, takes advantage of its hospitality so far as a glass of cider is concerned. The contrast between the veteran and man-about-town, over sixty years of age, but carefully preserved, and Deborah is very great. "Eyes that had once been bold, bright, and blue were bold still, but with the pitiable boldness that has lost shame: their colour was faded, their whites bilious and bloodshot. His walk was crippled by the stiff gait of advancing age, which even his dapper attire failed to conceal; and though still upright and carefully padded, his small shrunken frame was the more pathetic from the jauntiness of his air." The crown of his hat barely reached the top of Deborah's head; she was tall, magnificently developed, and walked with the stateliness of a Nubian carrying a pitcher of water on her head.

It seems impossible that, on the woman's side at least, anything approaching to love should arise between them; but it turns out that the General had commanded her father's regiment, and lent him money which had never been repaid. Veneration and gratitude actuate Deborah, while her beauty and the information that she has two thousand a year of her own do their work with Sir Arthur. He wants her money badly, but has his scruples, though entirely upon his own account. People will laugh at her—and him; she would not, he felt, be a success in London. "She will fall flat; she has no sense of humour, nor—nor of anything; but she's magnificent all the same." After she has accepted him he tells her that he has been married before. "It du seem strange," she replies, "but I never thought of that; but 'twude be hardly likely that you should have waited so long for I. Then you have a family, I suppose?" "Exactly," said the General, much relieved. "I have, as you suggest, a family. It may make a material difference in your views." "For what?" said Deborah, smiling; "I'm wunnerful fond of children. We could bring them to the farm sometimes. They'd enjoy the air, being London bred, I suppose. How many be there?" "There are three, but the eldest daughter, Lilian, is married to Lord Southwode's son. Violet is still unmarried, and Oscar at a crammer's." It is with this family that Deborah has presently to do. The change from Tod's to Portman Square is, of course, amazing, and the life she leads there is in another world. It is described with great cleverness and skill. Poor Deborah's position is pathetic enough, but never contemptible; she always retains her independence of character; she does her duty when all illusions regarding her husband have long vanished. Her nature is such that she wins her way into the hearts of the worldlings among whom she finds herself. Even Oscar, the spendthrift, says, "She is too good for us," and means it. Lilian's advice is unusual in a stepdaughter, but is full of wisdom: "Don't be plundered more than you can help." The interest of the work is strong—from first to last. It is one of the best novels of the year.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

General Sir William Lockhart, since he withdrew his army from Tirah eastward, descending into the Bara Valley, has not been inactive, but has occupied the Khyber Pass with General Hammond's and General Symons' forces, while the headquarters division, with General Gaselee's brigade, advances to Chira, by the Chara Pass, and has destroyed the enemy's towers in the Malik Din Khel district, without much fighting. This division of the army is now in the Bazar Valley, where Sir William Lockhart last Sunday occupied Chena, the only important village in the district. The British rear-guard was on this occasion attacked by the enemy, who were, however, repulsed with heavy loss. Sir Bindon Blood is to command a force of eight battalions sent to compel the Bunes to submit to the terms imposed by the British Indian Government. The forts of Ali Musjid, Fort Maude, and Lundi Kotal, in the Khyber Pass, are being repaired and put into a state of defence. A reconnoitring party on the road to Lundi Kotal was attacked when returning through the Bori Kandao, and lost one man of the Derbyshire Regiment killed, while two others were severely wounded; but no large forces of the enemy are now seen.

MARITIME PORTS OF NORTHERN CHINA.

Few events of recent history, though for several years past it may have seemed probable that the vast Empire of China, ruling 430 millions of mankind, would suddenly fall into helpless imbecility and disorganisation, appear more remarkable than the present or impending unopposed seizure of its chief naval ports and arsenals on the Yellow Sea by several of the European Powers, with the early prospect that its north-eastern maritime provinces, the region of the Manchu Tartars, the cradle of the reigning imperial dynasty, will speedily be annexed to the Russian Empire. This utter breakdown of defensive strength in the existing Chinese monarchy is the consequence, hitherto delayed only to suit the convenience, perhaps, of two great foreign Powers, Germany and Russia, of the crushing defeat, by land and sea, which was inflicted on China in the Japanese War not very long ago. It is not likely, for some years to come, that its effects will be so acutely felt in the interior provinces of China as to destroy that complicated system of official administration by which order and tranquillity have been maintained from remote antiquity in the most populous, and not the least civilised, of regularly constituted States. There may hereafter be local outbreaks in the southern provinces, whose inhabitants, of a different race, have no particular attachment to the Tartar sovereignty, imposed on them by conquest; but unless China should actually be involved in another disastrous foreign war, the Emperor's domestic rule can be upheld for a good while by the ordinary working of its administrative machinery, seeing that no European Power will choose to incur the enormous risks and responsibilities of sharing in a partition of that huge dominion. Such a task would, indeed, overstrain the mightiest foreign resources, while any concert of the Powers would be far more hopeless than in the case of the Turkish Empire. The immediate situation is this: Germany has seized upon Kiao-Chau, a port on the coast of the Yellow Sea, directly opposite Corea, with some adjacent territory, including a good coal-field, in the province of Shantung; Russia has occupied Port Arthur, on the promontory of the Manchurian

of British trade with China is not, we believe, directly affected by these changes at the northern ports. Shanghai, over three hundred miles to the south of Kiao-Chau, and Hong-Kong, a thousand miles distant at the mouth of the Canton River, with all the intermediate trading ports

whence boats can pass down the stream and get to Dawson City. The whole distance by this route from Victoria, in British Columbia, to Dawson City is 1600 miles, but all by water except one hundred and fifty miles, where the Canadian Government surveyors and engineers find it

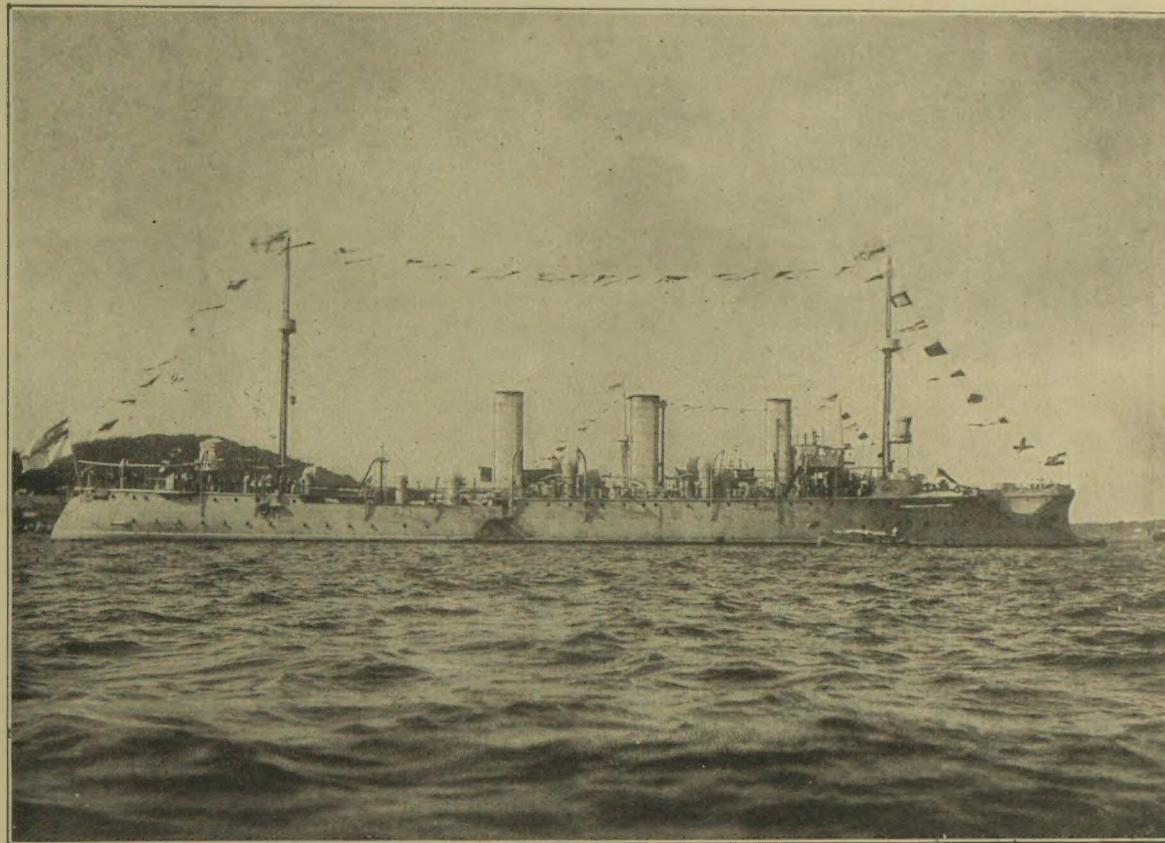


Photo Symonds, Portsmouth.

THE GERMAN CRUISER "GEFION," BOUND FOR CHINESE WATERS UNDER PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

secured by treaty, will scarcely be disturbed on this account. But all that happens to China now will demand serious attention.

THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS.

A conference is about to take place at Washington, upon the invitation of the United States Government, through Mr. Alger, the Secretary for the War Department, with the Canadian Minister of the Interior, Mr. Clifford Sifton, concerning the best route and the facilities which can be provided for the American Relief Expedition. It is feared that terrible distress from famine already prevails among the multitude of gold-seekers on the Yukon River of Alaska, though rumours of the actual death of large numbers from starvation at Dawson City have not been confirmed. The approach to that sequestered and inhospitable region by the seacoast in the Taku Inlet is obstructed by glaciers descending in frequent avalanches, forbidding navigation in winter; and it becomes necessary to travel northward overland from British Columbia, which is part of the Canadian Dominion.

quite practicable to make a railway. Ultimately, no doubt, there will be other lines of railway, from the open prairie or plain region of the North-West Provinces of Canada, branching off at Edmonton, possibly, from the Canadian Pacific Railway, and giving access to some gold-fields more extensive than that of Klondike. The belt of auriferous land within the Dominion of Canada is estimated by Mr. W. Ogilvie to be six hundred miles long and one hundred miles wide.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT DRURY LANE.

Scenic magnificence and spectacular splendour have now for years been associated with the Christmas productions at the Lane, and in these respects Mr. Arthur Collins has all but eclipsed Old Drury's records in the first pantomime of his management. But, by reason of his wish to please old and young alike, he has constructed far too lengthy an entertainment. The "children's pantomime," based on the old nursery legend of "The Babes," practically ends with part one, and when the babes are grown up and see "life," their adventures prove scarcely very interesting. Nor are we particularly concerned about the love-story of an autocratic young Prince who affects smart society clubs and race-meetings, woos the wicked Baron's lovely daughter, and provides an excuse for a grand coronation ballet with wonderful tints of pink and purple and heliotrope. It is the Babes we watch, and, curiously enough, these quaint youngsters furnish the opportunity for the crowning triumph of gorgeous spectacle. When they have romped in the Baron's office and the village school; when they have visited a realistic fair, with actual roundabouts, steam-whistles, shooting-galleries, and circus shows, there follows the customary forest panorama—too long drawn out on Boxing Night, despite its cleverly sketched blackberry bushes, its marvellous giants and elves, and its mammoth mushrooms, still delightful as leading up to the superb and glorious ballet of the orchids. And when the Grigolatis troupe rise in mid-air and dazzling electric lamps light up the final tableau, we behold a veritable dream of delight. Not that there is not plenty of fun besides. The young folk cannot fail to laugh at the funny antics of Reggie and Chrissie all through their childish career. Droll little Mr. Dan Leno, in a nice Eton jacket and collar, and with the thinnest of legs; strident Mr. Herbert Campbell as a fine girl of huge proportions—these form a contrast such as must provoke delirious mirth. And they work admirably together, delivering topical duets, playing pranks, sleeping in the woods, after a parody of "Hansel and Gretel," and singing independently, especially Mr. Leno in a laughing ditty, with considerable unction. Capable artists such as Miss Ada Blanche, Miss Violet Robinson, Miss Alice Barnett, and Mr. John Warden, support the endeavours of the two leading comedians; and Mr. James Glover conducts a picked orchestra with commendable and feverish vigour. Librettist (Mr. Sturgess), scene-painters, costumier, and stage manager have done their best for "The Babes in the Wood," with the result that Mr. Collins's first pantomime proves an undoubted success.

"DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE GRAND, ISLINGTON.

The keynote of Islington pantomime has always been rollicking fun, and this year's annual at the Grand forms no exception to the rule. True we follow all the adventures of London's legendary hero at home and in Morocco to find him finally married to his beloved Alice and dining at the Guildhall in the Lord Mayor's robes. And all through we must allow that Dick Whittington in the comely person of Miss Lily Harold cuts a pretty figure and wears most becoming attire. But who cares very much at Islington what the subject of the piece may be, "Dick Whittington" or "Robinson Crusoe," provided the



Photo Symonds, Portsmouth.

THE GERMAN CRUISER "DEUTSCHLAND," BOUND FOR CHINESE WATERS UNDER PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Peninsula, commanding the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili, with the maritime approach to Tientsin and Pekin. The port or naval arsenal of Wei-Hai-Wei, on the southern shore of the entrance to that Gulf, is still in the possession of a Japanese garrison. Those foreign Powers intend to keep what they have got. It remains to be seen whether any others will follow the example. The existing customary method and distribution

In the summer months this could be accomplished with much cost and fatigue by the notorious White Pass, over rocky mountains where the construction of a proper road would be very difficult; or from Dyea by the Chilcoot Pass, descending to Lakes Lindeman and Lebarge. The preferable route, however, which lies entirely through undisputed British territory, is the Stickeen, to reach Teslin Lake and the upper waters of the Hootalinqua,



THE PANTOMIME "DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT," AT THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.



THE PANTOMIME "ALADDIN," AT THE GRAND THEATRE, FULHAM: THE MARKET-PLACE, PEKIN.



THE PANTOMIME "CINDERELLA," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

favourite comedians are at hand in good parts and with taking songs? There are a trio of them at the Grand, and they are all excellently provided for. First there is Mr. Thomas E. Murray, a quaint American droll, cast this time for the rôle of an Irish sea-captain, pestered by the attentions of his cook. Then we have Mr. Charles Stevens, the melodramatic villain of many a pantomime, now a little more innocently employed as the idle apprentice; and last and best of all we have the inevitable and irresistible Mr. Harry Randall, an actor whose humour is so delightfully spontaneous, so refreshingly hearty, that we never tire of his jests or of his singing. Indeed, this most diverting of sea-cooks absorbs the attention of his audience throughout the performance, and when he chants with unctuous vigour the merits of Mr. Sims's "Tatcho," or urges us to "buck-up" in the face of trouble, he creates a general furore of enthusiasm. Still "Dick Whittington" can boast other attractive features—the pretty dancing of Miss Vesey, the agreeable vocalisation of Miss Bliss, and a really brilliant Oriental ballet. Mr. Oscar Barrett is to be congratulated on a very bright and merry production.

"ALADDIN," AT THE GRAND, FULHAM.

Mr. Alexander Henderson has begun well at his handsome new theatre at Fulham. He has chosen one of the best and most exciting of fairy stories for his initial pantomime, and he has secured an admirable company. "Aladdin" lends itself like scarcely any other subject to scenic treatment and to innocent mirth. The Fulham manager or his director, Mr. Milton Bode, has given full scope to the scene-painter, to the designer, and to the music-hall comedian (and his melodies) without harming the innocence of the story or the magic of its marvels. Happily too, he has engaged a clever young actress, vocalist, and dancer for the title-rôle. Miss Rose Dearing has spirits enough (for mischief), pretty indolence enough (where work is concerned), to suit everyone's conception of Aladdin. Moreover, the roguish boy is allowed a pretty and dainty Princess in Miss Alma Steele; while there is real vocal charm and pathetic force in the love-sick Pekoe of Miss Millie Legarde. But the fun is the thing; and Mr. Fred Wilkinson's Widow Twankey and the two eccentric Chinamen, played by Messrs. Walton and Lester, afford a never-ceasing fund of amusement. Capital scenery, painted by Mr. E. G. Banks—notably that of the Cave and of Aladdin's Palace; appropriate music prepared by Mr. Hayes Evans; a pleasant libretto from the pen of Mr. Stanley Rogers; costly dresses and vivacious dances, make up an entertainment of which Fulham has every reason to be proud.

"CINDERELLA," AT THE GARRICK.

Mr. Oscar Barrett falls short of what his past achievements have led us to expect from him, for his pantomime, "Cinderella," is hampered by lack of stage room at the Garrick, and clogged by much music-hallism, which is not in its place. The music ranges from Mendelssohn and Weber to Lottie Collins. The fancy of the fairy tale becomes rather lost in the rollicking low comedy of the ugly sisters, played by Mr. John Le Hay and Mr. Harry Nicholls. Miss Grace Dudley, as the Cinderella, suggests the trials which would beset a real live flesh and blood Cinderella, but which are scarcely associated with fairydom. Then, though Miss Helen Bertram looks a splendid Prince, she does not enunciate clearly. Some compensation for these failings is to be found in the Baroness of Miss Kate Phillips, the Baron of Mr. Lugg, and the Fairy Godmother of Miss Cicely Richards. The limitations of the Garrick for spectacular display are so marked that the acting and the singing should have been unusually strong. As it is, the whole is composed of many mixed elements where one rather expected a fairy tale pure and simple.

"HOW LONDON LIVES," AT THE PRINCESS'S.

But for the official assurance that the new Princess's play was a free translation of the Parisian "Le Camelot," we should set down "How London Lives," adapted by Messrs. Arthur Shirley and Martyn Field, as a "good old" English melodrama. To say this is to compliment the English playwrights on the skill with which they have prepared their play to suit the not too exacting tastes of a Princess's audience. We have, indeed, all the stock-characters of the conventional stage introduced at once—an obstinate Colonel, his gallant nephew Jack, falsely accused of forgery, Sir George's second wife (wicked and red-haired), her old sweetheart and paramour (the real forger), now bent on marrying the Colonel's daughter, and that poor persecuted heroine, herself disowned by her father when she refuses the villain and prefers to marry a faint-hearted young officer. The officer, of course, soon dies, and the gallant hero, reduced to the occupation of a news-vendor, soon comes to the aid of the starving Gladys and her baby. Meantime the villain and his mistress thrive in luxury, and even plot to kidnap the heroine's child in a quite impossible Fleet Street. But it's Jack Ferrers to the rescue, and all ends happily. The title of the drama, we fear, is a misnomer, for the quaint little newsboys in a Fleet Street quite strange to journalists, and the garret scenes in the same neighbourhood, give but the slenderest idea of how the London poor live. Still, though the piece is but of the mechanical order, it breathes a spirit of broad humanity and genial optimism; it boasts stirring situations and clever characterisation, and it supplies fine acting chances to such admirable emotional players as Mr. Charles Warner and Miss Kate Tyndall. Skilful Mr. Adye and strenuous Miss Olliffe did their best with the rôles of the clumsy villain and the tigerish stepmother, and there was real humour in the trio of street urchins represented by Messrs. Walford, Walker, and Bishop. Vehement applause followed the entire action of the play, and it was evident that the new melodrama belongs to a type of which Mr. Gilmer's patrons fully approve.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, had Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, with the Marquis of Lorne and the Duchess of Albany, for her guests on Christmas Day. On Christmas Eve the Queen gave a number of presents to members of the royal family, to the ladies and gentlemen of her Court, and to the poor and aged and schoolchildren of Whippingham.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, at Sandringham, with Princess Victoria of Wales, had for their Christmas Day visitors a family party: the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

Christmas was celebrated at the military garrison barracks, the hospitals, workhouses, asylums, and charitable institutions of London and many other towns with festive decorations and cheerful entertainments. The church services were conducted by the Deans at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey; by the Bishop of London, who preached a sermon, at Fulham; and by the Bishop of Rochester at St. Saviour's, Southwark. The weather was dry but foggy in the northern parts of London; there had been slight frosts at night.

A lamentable fire, early on Sunday morning, in Dixie Street, Bethnal Green, was attended with the deaths of a whole poor family, named Jarvis, ten persons in all, the

A conference of Head Masters of public schools was held last week at the College of Preceptors. Those of Winchester and Marlborough took leading parts. It was resolved that in the official classification of schools the distinction between primary and secondary with regard to the aims of teaching and the age of pupils should be precisely set forth, and there should be a central authority to regulate secondary education. Another resolution deprecated the publicity and excessive importance now given to athletics in schools.

It is formally announced that the Queen has been pleased to appoint Lieutenant-General Godfrey Clerk, C.B., to be a Groom in Waiting in Ordinary to her Majesty, in room of General Sir Lynedoch Gardiner, deceased.

Another last note of Jubilee year may be made in reference to the address of the Mayors in office on Jubilee Day, just forwarded to her Majesty in an album, and received by her; the Home Secretary reports to Sir George Faudel-Phillips, "very graciously." Her Majesty desired her thanks to be expressed "for this interesting and beautifully prepared souvenir of the Diamond Jubilee."

In Paris the trial of Arton and some others for bribery among members of the Chamber of Deputies in the Lottery and Loan affairs of the Panama Ship Canal has occupied public attention. The French ironclad *Jean Bart* has left Brest for the Chinese seas.

A railway accident took place on the Lyons and Mediterranean line on Saturday, by which three French scientific naval officers were killed, and many other passengers from Marseilles or Toulon were badly hurt. Their train broke down, and was run into by the express train from Italy, which followed in a quarter of an hour.

The difficult adjustment, in the Austro-Hungarian Dual Empire, of constitutional relations between Austria—including Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, Styria, and Croatia—and the Kingdom of Hungary is not yet satisfactorily concluded; but provisional arrangements have been made for each contributing to the common financial needs of the Empire. The Emperor Francis Joseph and his Ministers, Count Goluchowski and Baron Banffy, have an arduous task in hand.

Spain and the United States of America are still engaged in diplomatic controversy over the Cuban rebellion. While the new Governor, Marshal Blanco, seems to be doing his best to conciliate the insurgents with the large Home Rule concessions granted by the Government at Madrid, his predecessor, General Weyler, is haranguing provincial audiences in Spain against those concessions. The Spanish feeling is more embittered since the death of a Colonel Ruiz, who was hanged in the rebel camp.

It is stated that the purchase of the Danish West Indian islands by the United States Government is now in course of negotiation.

A large building erected for the Chicago Exhibition, called the Coliseum, was destroyed by fire on Saturday, when about three hundred people were there for an exhibition of manufactures. Nine of them lost their lives, and nearly forty were severely injured.

The damages to be paid by the American Government for the illegal seizure of twenty-five British, or, rather, Canadian sealing-vessels in the Behring Sea have been assessed at 464,000 dollars by the award of the Anglo-American Commission. An offer to accept 425,000 dollars was made by Canada three years ago, but was rejected by Congress, though approved by President Cleveland.

Japan has withdrawn from opposition to the American annexation of the Hawaii Islands.

A British sailing-vessel, the barque *Cordillera*, leaving Valparaiso overladen with nitrate on Nov. 7, founded at sea. Captain E. A. Everett and some of the crew got afloat upon a raft, but perished, sixteen in number, by drowning or by exhaustion; two mates and the carpenter were saved.

Kassala, in the eastern region of the Soudan, between Khartoum and the seaport of Massowah, was handed over by the Italian garrison to the Egyptian troops under command of British officers, on Christmas Day. Five hundred of the Soudanese troops passed into the service of the Khedive. The Dervishes on the Nile below Khartoum, at Shendy and Metemmeh, have approached nearer to Berber; there was a skirmish with a party of them on the Atbara, and they were forced to retreat.

The Greek prisoners of war in Turkey have been released, with clothes and money given to them by the Sultan. Large numbers of the refugees from Thessaly have returned to their homes, but in extreme poverty. The Turkish troops still remaining in that country are suffering great losses of men from various diseases. They are to be withdrawn as soon as the Sultan's Government can get a guaranteed loan from the bankers.

BRIGHTON'S NEW STATUE OF THE QUEEN.

By the generosity of its Mayor, Sir John Blaker, Brighton has received a valuable addition to its sculpture in the form of the fine statue of the Queen, which is here reproduced from a photograph. The statue, which was unveiled not long before Christmas by the munificent Mayor's little daughter, Miss Jessie Blaker, has been wrought out of a handsome block of Carrara marble by the well-known Italian sculptor, Signor Nicoli. The statue measures nine feet in height, and is proudly reared upon a massive pedestal of Rayaccone marble. The work has been carried out under the supervision of the Sculptured Marble Company, who placed the commission in the hands of Signor Nicoli. Loyal Brighton may certainly congratulate itself on its latest memorial of her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.



NEW STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT BRIGHTON.

mother and eight children perishing in their bed-room, and the father, who was a consumption patient in the workhouse infirmary, dying on the same day. He had been working as a cutter in a matchbox factory. It is said he was not told of the disaster which had befallen his family.

As everybody expected, the Amalgamated Engineers have rejected the terms proposed by the employers, and all compromise on the question of reducing the hours of labour. The employers refused to entertain any suggestion of reduction; yet the men were invited by their delegates to vote on the question of a fifty-one hours week. They have repudiated this, and they have virtually denied the right of the employers to the control of the workshop management. Thus the conference becomes wholly abortive, and to all appearances the war will go on. There is no reason why the masters, who have successfully maintained their position, should not take down their lock-out notices and invite the men to come in. The chances are that the invitation would be pretty generally accepted, and then everything would go on as it did before the quarrel. In this way the masters would turn their moral victory to practical account, and save the engineering trade from disastrous paralysis.

At a dinner of the Commercial Travellers' Association at Newcastle, the Marquis of Londonderry expressed much alarm at the decline of British export trade, which for last October was seven per cent. less than for October of 1896, while the German export of machinery had increased by the value of £476,000 during the year, and the American and Belgian in ten years had been more than tripled. He thought this loss of British trade was largely due to the strife between capital and labour.

PERSONAL.

President Kruger is seeking re-election, and that alone explains the violence of his language against Mr. Rhodes. The Transvaal is perfectly safe from raids, and Mr. Rhodes no longer holds a dominating position in Cape Colony. But from Mr. Kruger's language you might think that Mr. Rhodes, at the head of an invading army, was marching on Pretoria. Probably "Rhodes is coming!" will prove a good electioneering cry in the Transvaal for some years.

Another candidate for the Governorship of Crete is suggested in the person of one Bozo Petrovitch, said to be a cousin of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro. There is no enthusiasm in the Concert for Bozo, however, and Russia is reported to be unfavourable to his prospects. It is suggested that Germany is waiting for a convenient opportunity to put forward a German Prince. There is reason to suspect that the German Emperor has his eye on Suda Bay as a convenient station for the German navy. Somebody in the Concert has a motive for preventing the settlement of the Cretan Question, and for making the candidates for the Governorship a procession of shadows.

Mr. Ballaine, Adjutant-General of Washington State, has written a long letter to explain the "undying hatred" which animates all "genuine Americans" against England. This amiable sentiment springs from the belief that the mother-country loses no opportunity of libelling and stabbing the American Republic. When any English writer sees a chance of bolstering up our "decaying monarchy" by insulting the Republic, he rushes into print like Mr. Stead, who is, in Mr. Ballaine's eyes, one of the worst of our offenders. Mr. Stead has published an indictment of Tammany rule in New York, and the Adjutant-General says that New York is not an American city, and that its local government is in the hands of criminals from the British Empire. It is the function of the Republic to transform the worst immigrants into upright citizens; but somehow those who remain unregenerate contrive to hold the reins of power in New York. Mr. Ballaine's feeling against England may not be momentous, but the hatred in Washington State towards New York is a disagreeable portent for Americans.

In the chronicles of the recent frontier campaign in India, the name of Colonel John Haughton stands out with especial distinctness, by reason of the prominent part taken by the 36th Sikhs in several of the chief actions under his command. The gallant fashion in which he led his men to the rescue of the distressed Northamptons in the Saran Sar affair on Nov. 9, and his prompt action in occupying the native village and blockhouses on neighbouring ground a week later, will be remembered among the most spirited incidents of the recent fighting.

On the latter occasion, it may be recalled, Colonel Haughton and his men had been despatched to reinforce the 15th Sikhs, and after relieving that regiment, found themselves, at nightfall, hampered with their wounded in a nullah not unlike that in which the Northamptons had sustained such heavy loss a week before, and closely attacked by the enemy. Colonel Haughton, with admirable pluck and promptitude, gave his orders: "We will take those houses"—pointing to a cluster of native buildings—"and stay the night there. Fix bayonets!" There was a momentary pause, men fell out to guard the wounded, and the three companies of the 15th and two companies of the 36th, with their Colonel at their head, swept on to the buildings before the tribesmen realised that a forward action was upon them, and occupied the position until daybreak.

The Christmas pudding has assumed a new character, that of a terror to evildoers. It is said that the owner of a pudding, which was reposing in a vessel, left it temporarily on the doorstep of an Anarchist club in London. Some members of the club, catching sight of it, were seized with alarm, and summoned the police to protect them from an infernal machine. The police grimly suggested that Anarchists deserved to be hoist with their own petards; but an official examination of the petard was made, and disclosed its purely festive character. This may prompt the police authorities to take care that puddings are always consigned to the address of Anarchist clubs at Christmas-time by way of wholesome fright.

Mr. Alfred Morrison died last week at his historical country house, Fonthill, County Wilts. A son of the founder of the firm of Morrison, Dillon, and Co., he devoted his great wealth, as well as his great taste, to the collection of *objets d'art*. As an autograph-collector, too, he had the advantage of a purse that answered to every demand made upon it by his enthusiasm, and the result was a collection which included letters of all reigning monarchs, and of all leaders in politics, literature, and the arts and sciences in England and France for the last three centuries. The mere catalogue of them is a work of historical importance. For the possession of Nelson and Lady Hamilton letters Mr. Morrison had a particular desire, which he gratified to the full. At his town house in Carlton House Terrace, as well as at Fonthill, he was surrounded with beautiful rugs and porcelain from the East, by Greek antiquities, and by examples of modern handicraft. Mr. Morrison married a sister of Sir Herbert Charnside, and his son is married to a daughter of the late Earl Granville.

Mr. William Kenny, Q.C., M.P., Solicitor-General for Ireland, has been appointed a Judge of the High Court in Ireland; and his Solicitor-Generalship has passed to Mr. Dunbar Plunket Barton, Q.C., M.P. The eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas H. Barton, of Dublin, by Charlotte, daughter of the third Lord Plunket, he was born in 1853, educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1877. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1880, and for some time held the Professorship of Property Law in King's Inn, Dublin. Since 1891 he has sat in Parliament for Mid Armagh in the Unionist interest.

The great Doll Show organised each Christmas by the editor of *Truth* was held at the Albert Hall on the first two days of last week, with even greater success than ever. This pleasant fashion of adding to the funds of the metropolitan charities for children evidently grows in favour with the London public, and it certainly deserves to do so. Quite an amazing amount of ingenuity had been spent on the dressing of this year's dolls, the most conspicuous of the groups being, perhaps, a comical "André at the North Pole," the pole in question carried by a dainty lady clad in whitest furs; and the miniature stage-scene from "The Little Minister," a facsimile reproduction of the Haymarket original. The prize-winners must have been almost as happy as the poor children who benefited by the show, for the trophies supplied by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, who kindly presented the first prize of all in the form of a lady's gold watch, were remarkably handsome and varied. The same company, by the way, has just issued an interesting catalogue of its wares, copiously illustrated, which forms a capital picture-book of jewelled ornaments and gold and silver articles of all sorts and conditions.

It is announced that Sir Walter Hillier, late British Consul-General in Korea, has contributed a preface to Mrs. Bishop's forthcoming book about that country; but in view of the present Chinese Question it is to be hoped that Sir Walter will find some less circumscribed opportunity for giving the public the benefit of his wide knowledge of the whole situation in the Far East. Sir Walter Hillier, who is an old Bedford boy, made a capital speech the other night at the Old Bedfordin's Dinner.

A third death within a comparatively few months has to be recorded of the sorely stricken Millais family. The death of the great artist almost as soon as he had reached the prize of his profession as President of the Royal Academy was speedily followed by that of his eldest son and heir; and now the bereaved wife and mother has passed away, a victim to the malady from which her husband died. Since last summer the Dowager Lady Millais had resided with her brother, Mr. George Gray, of Bowerswell, Perth. It was in 1855 that Millais, then a Pre-Raphaelite Brother, married Miss Euphemia Chalmers Gray, whose portrait, already painted by him in one of his subject pictures, commemorates her beauty. A shrewd woman of business, and yet one of the kindest of hostesses and friends, she was admirably fitted for her position as the wife of the most successful painter, and one of the most genial of diners-out known to his day and generation.

Mr. Charles Harrison, M.P. for Plymouth, and a prominent London County Councilman, died at his house in Lennox Gardens on Friday, last week. He had attended, in perfect health, only the day before, the funeral of his friend and near neighbour, Sir Frank Lockwood, and had caught a chill in the cold fog, which turned immediately to a violent inflammation of the throat, under which he sank within a few hours. Born in 1835, a younger brother of Mr. Frederic Harrison, he was educated at King's College School, and was admitted a solicitor in 1858, gradually gaining a large practice, and including among his clients the Law Fire Insurance Society and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. When the London County Council was constituted, Mr. Harrison entered it for West Bethnal Green in 1889, and has since sat for it as a leading member of the Progressive party. His zeal was recognised by his election to the Vice-Chair in 1895, and he has served as the Council's representative on the Thames Conservancy Board, and as Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of the Council, Leasehold enfranchisement, the taxation of land values, and the unification of the City with the rest of London for

administrative purposes were three causes which lose their ablest advocate in the Council by his death.

In 1880 Mr. Harrison made his first attempt to enter Parliament—for the Holborn Division—but without success. In 1892 he stood for Plymouth, also unsuccessfully; but in 1895 he was there returned, in company with a political opponent, Sir Edward Clarke. Mr. Harrison, who was a traveller of experience and a man of artistic tastes, married in 1886 a sister of the Earl of Lanesborough, but he leaves no family.

There are three Parliamentary vacancies at present, two Liberal seats and one Unionist. Since 1895 the Government have lost five elections, but they have an opportunity of recovering ground. York, where the late Sir Frank Lockwood had a Tory colleague, has grown more and more Conservative of late years. The Plymouth Liberals claim to have gained in the recent registration, but the local Unionists may be expected to make a great effort to recover their supremacy. If the Opposition should lose both York and Plymouth, their plight will be even more forlorn than it is already.

Viscountess Oxenbridge, who died on Christmas Eve at the advanced age of eighty-three, was a daughter of the first Earl de Montalt. By her first marriage she became Countess of Yarborough; but some years after Lord Yarborough's death she married Lord Monson, who was fifteen years her junior. She was destined to change her name yet again, however, for eleven years ago Lord Monson was created Viscount Oxenbridge.

One of the most appropriate memorials that could be raised to perpetuate the name of William Terriss is the *Daily Telegraph's* scheme to equip a life-boat in his honour. For many years Mr. Terriss had earned the sobriquet of "Breezy Bill" by his playing sailor parts. He began life in the Navy: only a few days before his death he sent a subscription to the *Telegraph* itself in aid of the Margate surf-boat disaster. The cost of a steam life-boat would be £5000, and a launching-slip is much wanted at Margate. "Let the good deed follow the bad," writes Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faust), in enclosing £30 towards the scheme.

All who have followed the career of Principal Rendall will give their cordial approval of his appointment to the Head-Mastership

Photo Eusell and Sons.
DR. GERALD H. RENDALL.

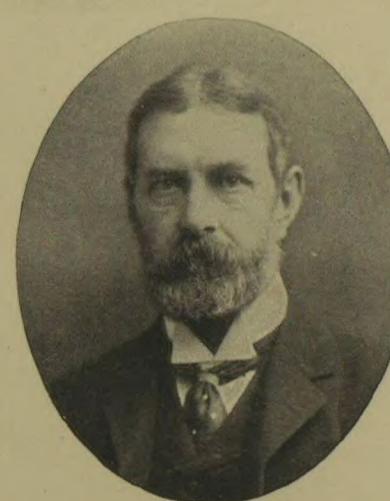
of Charterhouse School, rendered vacant by the retirement of Mr. Haig Brown. The son of a former Head Master of Harrow, Principal Rendall passed from that school to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by winning the Bell University Scholarship. He took a First Class in the Classical Tripos of 1874, and was elected a Fellow of Trinity College a year later. He won the Lightfoot Scholarship for Ecclesiastical History shortly afterwards. In 1881, after holding the post of Assistant Classical Tutor at Trinity College for some years, he was elected Principal of University College, Liverpool; and nine years after, when that institution had some time previously been incorporated as one of the Constituent Colleges of Victoria University, he was appointed Vice-Chairman of the larger body. Principal Rendall will be much missed in Liverpool, where he has taken considerable interest in local affairs.

Mr. Gladstone, who celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday on Dec. 29, received many congratulations at Cannes, where he is wintering. "Your life," wrote the Scottish Liberal Association, headed by Lord Rosebery, "is a part, and a brilliant part, of the history of your country and of humanity." That is a statement which none may deny, and at such a season of goodwill as the present men and women of all shades of political opinion will wish him and his the best of all the years can bring in the splendid dignity of his venerable age.

Mr. E. A. FitzGerald, the well-known traveller and explorer, has made his reappearance on European soil in the South of France, where he is completing his convalescence from typhoid before facing the terrors of winter in his native country. The steam-ship *Oravia*, which landed Mr. FitzGerald and his comrade Mr. Vines at La Rochelle just before Christmas, has, however, brought excellent accounts of the two travellers and the material they bear with them for a book on their adventures in the Aconcagua heights.

Sir Francis and Lady Jeune have been entertaining their Christmas guests with private theatricals. Lord Kilmarock, who took a prominent part in them, is the eldest son of the Earl of Erroll, and recently appeared as player and playwright at a charity entertainment given at St. George's Hall. Julie, Marchioness of Tweeddale, who was one of his patronesses on that occasion, "produced" the plays at Arlington Manor, Lady Jeune's pretty Berkshire residence. The Peer as a player is becoming quite fashionable, for Lord Rosslyn will appear in Mr. Pinero's new comedy at the Court Theatre.

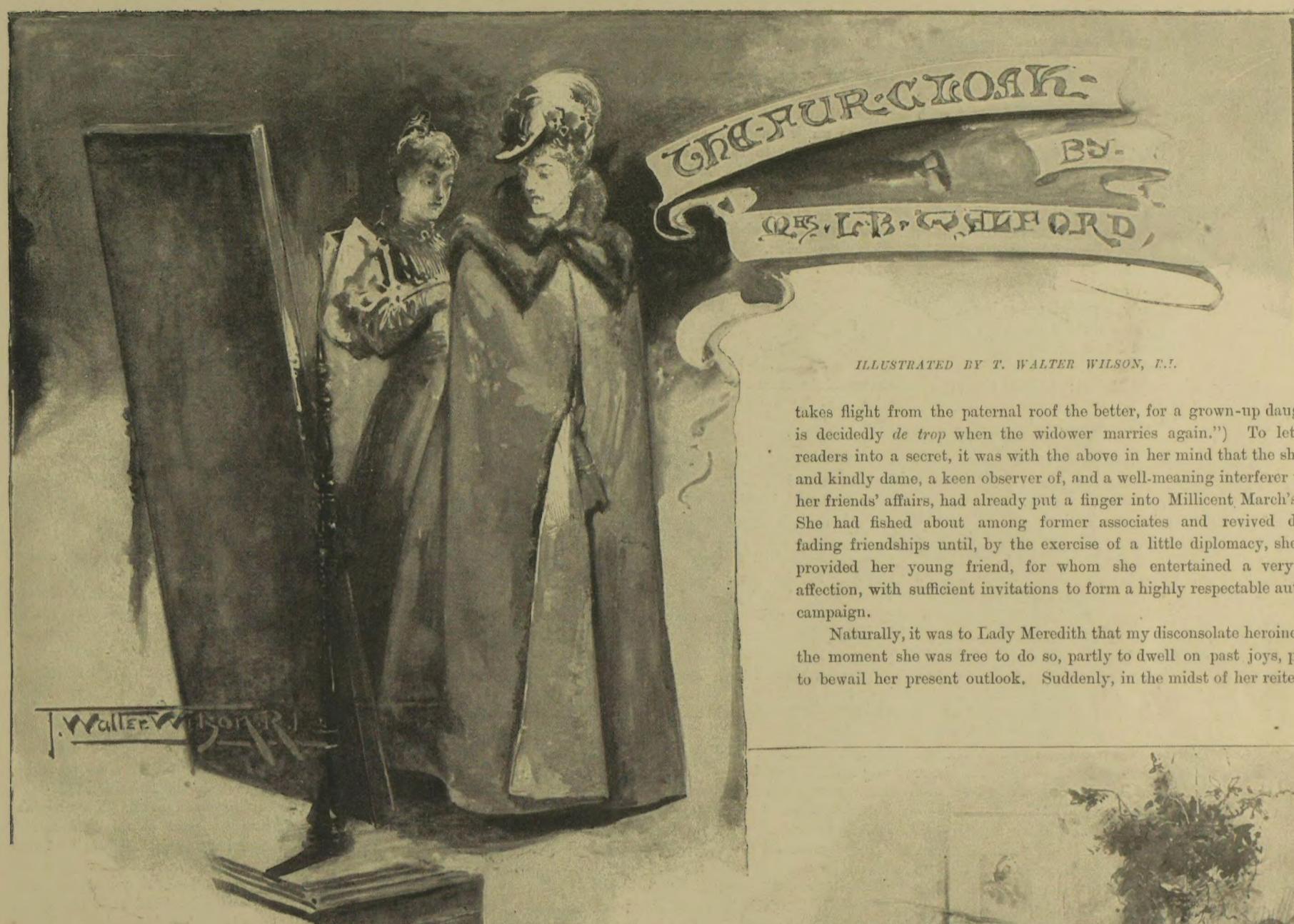
All cricketers will be glad to get the 1898 issue of Wisden's well-known almanack. The five players whom it singles out for portraiture and biography are Mr. J. R. Mason, Mr. Norman Druce, Mr. G. L. Jessop, Mr. W. R. Cuttell, and Mr. F. G. Bull. It also deals at some length with the oldest cricketer living—namely, Mr. Herbert Jenner-Fust, who bears lightly the burden of ninety-one years.

Photo Russell and Sons.
THE LATE MR. CHARLES HARRISON, M.P.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: WATCHING THE CONVEYANCE OF THE DEAD—A DAILY OCCURRENCE.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE FUR COAT
BY
MRS. L. B. WELFORD,

ILLUSTRATED BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.A.

takes flight from the paternal roof the better, for a grown-up daughter is decidedly *de trop* when the widower marries again.") To let our readers into a secret, it was with the above in her mind that the shrewd and kindly dame, a keen observer of, and a well-meaning interferer with, her friends' affairs, had already put a finger into Millicent March's pie. She had fished about among former associates and revived divers fading friendships until, by the exercise of a little diplomacy, she had provided her young friend, for whom she entertained a very real affection, with sufficient invitations to form a highly respectable autumn campaign.

Naturally, it was to Lady Meredith that my disconsolate heroine flew the moment she was free to do so, partly to dwell on past joys, partly to bewail her present outlook. Suddenly, in the midst of her reiterated



LONDON in October is a pleasant place enough under certain conditions; but when one has been brought back thither perforce after a gay time spent amid purple mountains and sparkling Hebridean seas—when, moreover, all the other people, the nice people, the people among whom that merry season has been passed, are still carrying on the game, flying about jovially to each other's houses, treading the moors by day, and footing it in jocund reel and blithe strathspey by night—London bereft of all its charm, abandoned to strangers and aliens, or, worse still, to unfortunates tied and bound by cords of necessity, is a dreary, dismal place.

"Godmother, you don't know what it is to me!" A girl with large eyes fixed upon a sympathetic face above clasped her hands as she spoke, and her head fell forward on the knee over which she leaned.

"Humph!" said Lady Meredith. "I expected as much," added she to herself. "It was all so beautiful—so delightful," proceeded Millicent, after a prolonged sigh and pause. "Castle Caillach is just the loveliest spot on the face of the earth; and I did so hope I should have been asked on—and I believe, I am almost sure, that I should, only they took it into their heads that papa wanted me. Well, if he had, you know—but he didn't at all; he seemed quite surprised at my coming. I think—indeed I am almost sure—that he was even a little put out; for he is going on circuit directly, and he said at breakfast this morning that it was a pity I was here, as I should be all alone after next week."

"What made the Campbells suppose he wanted you back?"

"It was their stupidity—at least, you see they don't know papa. All they know about him is that"—her voice lowered—"that our mother is dead, and that I am the eldest of the family. They take it for granted we must be constant companions, and all that sort of thing; but *you* know we are not quite that"—further hesitation.

Lady Meredith nodded appreciatively.

"Of course, papa is very fond of us all, but when he wrote to Major Campbell—he wrote to him on business—that he took the opportunity of thanking them all for their kindness, and that it was time for me to think of returning South, he never meant for a moment that I was to be despatched home on the spot."

"They were sorry to let you go?"

"Indeed they were—I know they were. They said so over and over again, but still without exactly asking me to stay; and I simply couldn't suggest it of myself. You see there was a tiresome woman coming to London, and they seemed to think it such a chance my having an escort all the way."

"So it was. A pretty young girl like you is bound to have an escort."

"So now that the boys are back at school, I shall be quite alone after next week," concluded Millicent dolefully.

Lady Meredith looked at her, opened her lips to speak, and shut them again. ("Poor child, what is the use of making things worse? She has no idea. Oh, yes, Gilbert March, I know very well why they don't care about having the nestling back: you have your own little jokes while she is away; and the sooner pretty Milly

"Godmother, you don't know what it is to me!"

"You did so much for me, dear godmother!" the speaker burst forth into a loud fit of coughing.

"Bless me, child, what a cold you have got!" For all her benevolence the lady, who was something of a valetudinarian, drew back a little, for she did not like people barking into her face, as she called it.

"That was what kept me from coming before. I have been in bed till the day before yesterday, and only then allowed into the drawing-room. Ugh! ugh! ugh!" irrepressibly.

"Then you ought to have remained there. I wonder you had not more sense than to come out in this biting wind, you who take such severe colds."

"The sun was bright, and I was so longing to come." (Sudden halt, suggestive of "Ugh! ugh! ugh!" forcibly restrained.)

"You tiresome child! Now that I look at you, you are 'colded' all over. However did you manage to catch such a cold?"

"In the train, I think. Oh, dear godmother, I couldn't help it. I just *had* to keep the window open and look out. It was so beautiful—you can't think how beautiful! The hills, with their first light powdering of frost, and the shining blue tarns—even the little pools among the black peat-bogs were blue beneath a perfectly cloudless, blazing sky; and when I thought how long it might be before I saw them again—"

("Or him," muttered Lady Meredith below her breath. "Silly little thing to suppose an old stager like me could be taken in by blue pools and blazing skies. So, so. 'Tis all very fine, and my labour has not been in vain if only he's the right sort of man.") Aloud: "Milly, love!"

Milly, faintly, aware her hour is come: "Yes, dear?"

"Did he—ahem! Was he—ahem!—sorry you had to come away too?"

Milly, blushing furiously and plumping down upon the godmother's knee again: "Oh, Lady Meredith!"

Three days later there was a rush as of a whirlwind into Lady Meredith's boudoir. "Oh, godmother, what do you think? What will you say? Oh, it's too splendid, too glorious! I am to go back to Castle Caillach! To go back on Thursday! I can't believe it; it's like a dream. It came—a letter came this morning. Came to papa from Major Campbell. I don't know if papa had said anything. Perhaps he just let them see. But anyhow, Major Campbell is in town, and papa is to meet him this morning, and he is going back on Thursday, and a girl with him, an American; and they are going to have a dance, and—and I am to go too"—accents rising to a shrill scream of ecstasy—"I, even I, am to go too"; the scream sank to a whisper, there were tears upon the cheek which Lady Meredith's lips pressed.

"You poor dear! You happy girl!"

"But now, look here, Millicent," after a moment's pause, the elder lady resumed in brisk, practical tones. "I don't half like this long journey for you. You are to travel by night, and not arrive till the afternoon of the next day, and you have barely got rid of your cold—and it was not a cold to be trifled with. There must be no looking out of open windows at blue tarns and all the rest of it."

"No, no."

"No occasion, I dare say you think, this time. At any rate, promise me that you will not be foolhardy, for I am really in earnest, my dear. Your chest is not strong, and your poor mother—well, well, I think you have *some* common-sense. You will wrap up? You will put on your warmest things? What have you got? A fur cloak?"

"No, but a very thick warm jacket."

"Silk lined, I dare say?"

"Ye-es, but very thick and warm. Indeed, it is enough—"

"Indeed it is nothing of the kind. Stop! let me think. You have not yet had your birthday present for this year." The speaker rose, went to an open writing-desk, returning with a slip of paper in her hand. "I dare say you have come to the end of your quarter's allowance, you thrifless little goose; but, at any rate, you would not spend it on anything sensible if there were a sou remaining. Now take this cheque, and buy a fur-lined cloak with it. A good long cloak, to cover you up properly. Wear it on the journey, and whenever you are driving over the moors in open dog-carts." A grateful embrace. "And now away with you as fast as you can, and let me see you and your purchase before you go," concluded the kind-hearted donor, cutting short further thanks.

But she was not destined to have her last request fulfilled. Instead of Millicent came an emissary in the shape of Mr. Gilbert March, his clean-shaven legal countenance all complacency. He had volunteered to be his daughter's spokesman, Mr. March explained. Milly was fairly fagged out with all the rush of preparation involved in this sudden new departure; for his part he could not imagine how such a rush could have been needed, or why the portmanteau and dress-basket, which had hardly been unpacked, could not have been packed again without any ado at all; but he was told that he knew nothing about girls' affairs, and so he supposed he didn't.

At any rate, he knew one thing, that Lady Meredith had been most kind and generous, and that her thoughtful care for the health of his motherless child—Lady Meredith cut in at this juncture. Milly had got the cloak, then? She hoped it was a nice one, and that the child's pretty figure was not lost in it?

After her visitor left, "I was not out by a hair's-breadth," concluded the godmother, nodding her head; "he is brimful of satisfaction at the way events are pointing, and Milly may stay at Castle Caillach, or Castle Anywhere, as long as she pleases. She will receive a piece of news while she is there."

The following morning she congratulated herself afresh, for a sharp frost had set in during the night, and she could only reflect with serenity on the long journey, and the long

drive at its close which lay before her protégée, when picturing her snug and warm enveloped in her fur cloak.

"I daresay you don't feel it cold, but I am half-perished," observed Milly's travelling companion pettishly, as the dawn broke and everyone shivered in the chilly morning air. "I have not got my winter furs yet," casting a somewhat resentful glance at the tempting wrap; "and when I do I shall have a *coat*, not a *cloak*. A coat is ever so much smarter," superciliously. Miss Jansen was not accustomed to seeing anyone more handsomely and comfortably equipped than herself.

"'Pon my word, Millicent has the best of it!" The good-natured Major Campbell turned up his coat-collar, and tucked in the plaid round the corners of his knees with cheery resolution. The fact was undeniable, but he bore no grudge. Nor did he chance to notice that to neither remark did Millicent yield a cordial response.

"I suppose we must have some window oper," observed the first speaker, presently. "People think that we Americans like to be choked—but we don't. Only as I can't sit and face it," calmly rising, "perhaps you'll change seats, Miss March, for I don't suppose *you* will mind with that huge cloak of yours; you must be simply broiling."

At the station it was, "I shan't get out, thanks, but if one of you would bring me a cup of tea?" And Milly, who had already risen and stepped on to the platform, had to bring it, for Major Campbell was accosted by a friend, and carried off at the crucial moment.

Milly did not say anything, nor did her cough start afresh, as she had secretly feared it would, but the little shiver in her blood grew and spread. Her face and hands burned; her head ached. And strange to tell, the frosty moorlands and blue tarns which had enticed her so unluckily from the paths of prudence before, had scarcely power to make her lift a heavy eyelid now.

"Oh, what a fool I have been—what a fool I have been!" The very shake of the train seemed to echo the words, and the words formed themselves into a sort of dreadful refrain.

But not a word durst she say.

"One of you two will have to go with me in the dog-cart," said Major Campbell, bustling up, the party having been deposited at their own station, and he having returned from a tour of inspection. "There won't be room in the omnibus with all the luggage—at least, I suppose there would be room if your maid?"—to the fair American. "Indeed she can't then," retorted the young lady promptly. "She's just as delicate as a bit of sea-weed, and always goes inside with me wherever I go. But you"—and it seemed to Millicent as though a spiteful gleam shot from the speaker's eyes—"you are all right," proceeded Miss Jansen with emphasis. "I suppose you could drive to the North Pole in that immense thing," pointing with affected disdain and real envy to what had gradually assumed the form of an apple of discord between the two.

"Aye, aye, she's all right!" assented the Major cordially. "Up with you, Miss Milly; we sha'n't mind the blast over the moors, shall we? Nothing like our Highland air. Let her go, Donald!" and away flew the dog-cart with its occupants. By the time they reached the Castle gates, every breath Milly drew stabbed her like a knife.

There she was, however. Ill or well, she was *there*. There was the great gleaming tower—the group assembled for welcome in the porch—the dogs barking, the children shouting. For a brief moment she threw off every other thought, and flung herself into their midst.

"And, by Jove! she is prettier than ever," concluded a certain spectator in the background, awaiting his turn with smiling eyes. "What a colour! And her eyes are as bright—but it's too bad if I am not to have one glance from them," and Archie Auchindennan, as the young laird was termed in Scotch fashion, strode forward, unable longer to possess his soul in patience. But was Miss March going to see him, think you? Oh, no! not by any means; not until she had quite finished all she had to say to dear Mrs. Campbell, and Jenny and Louie, and had expatiated on this and that, and recounted every single item which could by any means be inserted into the torrent of greeting—and then it was only by accident that, looking round, Milly's eyes met the other pair point-blank, and the words died upon her lips, so that she had not even a "How d'ye do?" wherewith to accompany the trembling little hand which was held out at last. Could it be, could it possibly be, only a bare fortnight since she had taken leave of all this happiness, this enchantment, with no prospect less likely than that of return—or, at any rate, return while yet a halo encircled the spot?

"We hope to see you another year" had indeed been warmly and sincerely breathed, but alack-a-day! "another year!" and every pulse was throbbing with the sensations of the present hour! It had almost seemed a mockery of her pain. What might not happen in a year's space? Of what might she not be robbed, defrauded, in that interminable interval?

It was not as if anything had been said (Millicent was very earnest in assuring her dear Lady Meredith that nothing had been actually said by her Highland friends), and she had only looks and feelings and intuitions to go by, so that, although there had been sufficient to set all the common air around her vibrating as though surcharged with electricity, they laid no hold upon the future, and the

chain, as ill-luck would have it, was snapped just when it might have thrown out an anchor.

But here she was back in the old hall, where so many a chance meeting, a blithe or tender passage-at-arms, had taken place. Here was the deep-set window wherein the two had stood on *that* occasion; there the doorway on another equally dear to memory. There stood great bowls of heather and rowan-berries, from which had come her tiny spray, now carefully hidden in a secret place. Her eyes filled as they fell on one and another haunted spot. It scarcely seemed herself whom kind hostesses were pressing into an easy-chair, upon whose ears all sorts of pleasant prognostications and joyous assurances fell dimly.

Miss Jansen came in, and Milly watched her entrance with an apathy at which she herself wondered. She had started that morning with some admiration of her fellow-traveller, a feeling which had gradually given place to dislike, but which anew changed to one of faint, almost imperceptible anxiety. Miss Jansen looked alarmingly well—well, bright, and handsome—while she, she felt so ill, so strangely ill, and now that the first effusion of joy had effervesced, so apprehensive. And do what she would to keep out the sound, back rang the old refrain in her ears, "What a fool I have been!"

"Milly, my dear, is anything the matter?"

"I—I think I should like to go upstairs, Mrs. Campbell."

"Aye, do, and get a good rest, or you won't be fit to dance to-morrow night. Girls, take her to her room." And Millicent did not leave that room until the dance was a thing of the long, long past.

At first she did not mind so much—in truth, she was too ill to care. And everyone was so kind and sympathetic, and such a fuss was made, and the old nurse who took possession of the patient was so skilful, and her remedies so efficacious, that she could even hear stray notes of the throbbing dance music, and listen for the responses of jocund feet upon the resounding floor below, with a sort of resignation, for surely she was missed, and one at least of the merry dancers was feeling the whole thing a bore and the ball-room a blank without her. But by and by Milly wondered a little that Jenny and Louie ceased to bring up messages of commiseration, and that when she, in artless fashion—fancying, poor child! that no one would perceive the drift of her inquiries—threw out little hints which might so easily have elicited replies that would have brightened every outlook, they met with none. Only the girls looked at each other, and once she caught the look. It might have been her fancy, but she found herself dwelling afterwards on something—a curious, vague something, in it which she wished had not been there.

"And you are all going to the picnic to-day?"

"Oh, you poor Milly, we do wish you could have gone too." Jenny was the speaker, and after a momentary hesitation she glanced towards her sister. "As you can't come—and it is such a pity—but still, as you can't, do you think, would it be asking too much? Frederica has got no warm cloak—"

"Oh, I can't lend that," cried Milly sharply, and then she hid her face in the pillow and burst into tears.

"She is so dreadfully disappointed, you know," explained Miss Jansen's emissary afterwards. "You must not think Milly disengaging; I am sure it was only that." But the American young lady smiled.

"Playing it a little low down on the other girl, aren't you, eh?"

Two men were chalking their cues in the billiard-room of the Castle, having lit their pipes and replaced their dress-coats by smoking-jackets. The ladies had retired for the night, and Major Lovel and Archie Auchindennan were alone.

"The other girl—what other girl?" said the latter coolly. As he spoke he shook the superfluous chalk from his cue and spun a ball on the table.

"The one upstairs. You were hotfoot after her a month ago. Everyone thought it was a case, and that the Campbells had her back again on purpose."

"Milly March? Oh, well, she was a nice little thing—taking in her way, and—I suppose I was a little bit gone on her. But, bless my soul! she crooked up the very day she arrived, and no one has set eyes upon her since. Besides, between ourselves, a delicate wife would never do for me, money or no money. My buxom Frederica, now—" And he laughed knowingly.

"You are really going in for Miss Jansen, then?"

"True bill. Have you anything to say against it?"

"Nothing—except what I said before: isn't it a little rough upon the other?"

"The other is a little fool. Look here, I'll tell you—only you mustn't let out I did—but how do you think she caught this awful cold that has half killed her? By travelling all the way up here from London in a sham fur cloak—a cloak that was only edged with fur and had not a square inch inside. Of course, everyone thought it lined through, and put her in the cold places. A piece of pure swagger. Rather 'cute, I grant you, but I think you'll allow Miss Milly deserved to be done out of her ball, and all the rest of it."

"By 'all the rest of it' meaning your noble self?"

Archie Auchindennan laughed consciously.

"How did you hear about the cloak? From the girls?" continued Major Lovel, after a moment's pause.

"From one of them, yes. You see, Frederica travelled with her, and was jolly envious; and yesterday she asked to borrow it on purpose to find out, for no one had ever set eyes on the cloak since it was taken upstairs—she would not take it off when she arrived. So Frederica was bound to find out, for she had her suspicions raised."

"And she did?"

"Oh, she did, trust her for that."

"And told you?"

"Told me as the best joke in the world. You should have heard her tell it."

"Miss Jansen has a sense of humour, then?"

"Rather. American girls have, you know."

"Well, I wish you joy." Major Lovel yawned, and pulled out his watch. "It's rather late. Suppose we make this a fifty game, and be off to bed."

"All right. I say, you'll keep it to yourself about the cloak. It was not meant to get out. But the fact that Frederica and I are friends, and—"

"And you will suit each other down to the ground." Then Lovel played, and made a break which won the game. In his own mind he was saying, "And the best thing you ever did in your life, you poor little thing upstairs, was to travel in a sham fur cloak and catch the cold which saved you from becoming Archie Auchindennan's wife."

"He to talk about 'pure swagger,' and it serving a girl right to be done out of everything—he who is nothing but a swaggerer, and a heartless brute into the bargain," cogitated the honest Lovel afterwards, for he was a straightforward soldier, with his own notions of honour and truth and fair dealing. "He to think he can take me in with a cock-and-bull story fit only for the nursery, when it is as plain as a pikestaff that he has simply deserted one girl with money because another with more money appears upon the scene. The poor devil, with his rotten old property run down to nothing, was bound to marry an heiress if he married at all, I suppose; and he has the kind of cheeky good looks women admire, and brought them here to market, meaning in the first instance to subjugate this London lawyer's daughter, whom the Campbells had looked out for him; but, luckily for her, the dashing Frederica has cut her out. They will be well mated, or I am mistaken. A girl who could lay traps for another at her mercy, and then go and tell tales—Faugh! I can wish her no worse fate than to have Archie always at hand to tell them to. As for the other—" But truth compels us to own that before Major Lovel had decided what was to be done about "the other" a loud snore cut short his drowsy meditations.

Two months later, and a radiant girl, this time wrapped in real fur, and with a glow of health upon a cheek no longer bright with hectic flush, is once more leaning over her godmother's knee, pouring out her inmost soul.

"It was wrong, it was deceitful, and at first it seemed as if the punishment were only just right; but, oh! so hard to bear. To have my ball-dress lying by, and that dreadful cloak secreted in the wardrobe—you do understand what I did, don't you? I don't want to hide anything, indeed, dear Lady Meredith; and James knows all about it, and said I ought to tell you; but he thought you would forgive me, for, you see, if I hadn't caught that new cold, and been shut up all that long time, it might never have been he—I mean James—because, of course, you know I *did* care for the other, and it was him I went back for."

"Bless the child, shall I ever understand the rights of the affair? Get back to the cloak, you treacherous puss—

let me hear your villainy in the first instance from your own lips. You went off to buy it with my cheque in your hands—"

"And saw a ball-dress, and bought it instead. At least, I took the greater part of your ten pounds to buy the dress, and spent only a very small portion in a mock fur cloak. And, oh dear, it *was* so cold, and it seemed so cruel when everyone took notice of my 'splendid wrap,' and that hateful Jansen girl—"

"Milly, Milly!"

"I won't think of her, then, godmother. And she is welcome—oh! so welcome—to you know who"—nodding.

"It was her chance, you see. And but for this illness it might never have come, and my eyes might never have been opened. Think of that! I can't bear the very thought of my having been taken in by that great, good-looking, common-looking face—"

"Ha! ha! ha! Oh, Milly, Milly!"

"You wait till you see Major Lovel, Lady Meredith."

Lady Meredith mused a moment. "I wish I could see a moral to the tale," she said at last, her eyes faintly

that ill-favoured old women are witches, that the crying of passing wildfowl in the autumn is the yelping of devil-dogs, and that it is ungracious and unlucky to let Christmas Eve pass without much lusty singing of carols, from the brisk and bluff "Holly and Ivy made a great Party, Who should have the Mastery in Lands where They Go," to the broad hint that lies embalmed in the second verse of the "Whistling Song"—"The Roads are very Dirty, my Boots are very Thin, And I have a Little Pocket to put a Penny in." Carol-singing was unknown in Scotland till a date so very recent that the practice may well be still in lusty existence north of Tweed and Till; but in England it dates back so far that 'tis small wonder if it seem hirpling of foot and patched of habit. Eight hundred years ago, and forty more years to boot, there was written and sung by English voices an Anglo-Norman carol—the father of all the carols—which began, "Seignors, ore entendez à nous," a shepherds' song, be it said. Collections of carols are of a much later date, and the first known example occurs on a single leaf preserved in the Bodleian Library, bearing the "Carol of Hunting," which who runs may read in Dame Julian Berners' "Boke of St. Albans," and the "Boar's Head Carol," which is still sung in hall on Christmas Day at Queen's.

At the end of these two carols comes the interesting afterword, running thus: "Neuly imprinted att London in the Flete St., att the sine of the Sunne by Wynkyn de Wordl. Year of our Lord MDXXI." Later on comes another interesting collection: "Imprinted att London in the Powtry, by Richd Kele, dweling att the longo shopp under Saint Myldrid's Churche," probably dating from 1546 A.D. Wisdom came from the East to the West, and so it is not matter for wonder that far westward wisdom and simplicity still keep up the good practice of carolling, and that dwellers by Dart and folk of Severn Sea still hear "the usuall carolls to obserue anti-quittie, chearfullie sounding." Cheerfully enough sound "The Cherry-Tree Carol," "The Seven Joys," "Three Ships a-Sailing," "Here We Come a-Wassailing," and "Aunt Mary," and even "The Carol of Bad Women," dear to Manx "carvallers," which begins with the name of our unlucky first mother and ends in a crowd of comparatively modern dames and damosels, whose number—tell it not in Pater-noster Buildings—far surpasses the twelve we wot of. But there are sweeter, deeper musickings, fuller of quainter conceits than even Crashaw could

conceive. There should not quite drop out of memory the short carol with a long title that bids "Make Wee Mirthe for Cryste's birthe and singe Wee Yul til Candel-mass," whose last verso is quaint almost to pathos—

The fortie day cam Mary myld
On to the Temple with her Chyld;
To shewen her cleane that never was fyl'd,
And herwith enden Crystmass.

Or "In Bethlehem, that Noble Place," or yet "The Love of Thee," that opens so graciously and joyously with—

Mary, for the Love of Thee
Glad and mery schal wee bee,
Who schal singen unto Thee,
Tua quinque gaudia,

and closes half plaintively, half hopefully, "But the Fifth Joy is stil to com." "Welcome Yule" runs to a tripping tune, and another "Holly and Ivy Song" goes gravely and sedately through all its measures, with a touch of sadness in its comparison of jovial holly, "with birds on ev'ry bowghe," with the graveyard ivy who "has but the Oulet that cryen How! How!"

There are carols galore that I have left out, but space is no more kind to me than time has been to the carollers; and I must write no more than the name of "Good King Wenceslas."

NORA HOPPER.



"Playing it a little low down on the other girl, aren't you?"—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

twinkling. "You ought to have been punished, child. Duplicity should never be rewarded. But somehow—somehow I think that if I could see myself—at your age (and, after all, it is not so *very* fair to look, and women will be women at all ages), I have a kind of idea, you know, that perhaps when it was a question of a fur cloak and a ball-dress, I, and the most of our sex, would have done pretty much what you did, Millicent March."

THE END.

CONCERNING CAROLS.

Carols are passing away, even as the mummers have already passed from all places save those lonesome thorpes and homesteads ignored by the great god Fin-de-Siècle, that destroying angel mounted on a bicycle—1898 model—at whose coming even the grey-haired, everlasting ironies stand aghast, and in whose wake follows the reproachful ghost of Ixion riding his old-fashioned wheel.

Fin-de-Siècle did not know they were there, those lost and lonely villages, hidden away behind the hedges that shade the only path he wots of, the high road worn by feet of Watlings and wheels of many a cycling club. It is no fault of his if these derelict places believe

THE CHINESE QUESTION: VIEWS OF VICTORIA, THE CAPITAL OF HONG-KONG.



THE PORT AND BAY, VIEWED FROM VICTORIA PEAK.

The + in the picture indicates the Kowloon or Kau-lun peninsula, in the Chinese province of Kwangtung, which includes the town of the same name ceded to Great Britain in January 1861. British Kowloon includes a sanatorium for troops and a number of villa residences, besides three docks.



THE TOWN OF VICTORIA, VIEWED FROM THE BAY.



CADDEY!

Drawn by A. Forstier.

LITERATURE.

RECENT FICTION.

- Lochinvar.* By S. R. Crockett. (Methuen and Co.)
The Forge in the Forest. An Acadian Romance. By Charles G. D. Roberts. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)
Niobe. By Jonas Lie. Translated from the Norwegian. (William Heinemann.)
H. de Balzac, Cousin Betty. With Preface by G. Saintsbury. (J. M. Dent and Co.)
Young Nin. By F. W. Robinson. Second edition. (Hurst and Blackett.)
A Tortured Soul. By S. Darling-Barker. (The Roxburghe Press.)
The Laughter of Peterkin. A Retelling of Old Tales of the Celtic Wonder-World. By Fiona Macleod. Drawings by Sunderland Rollinson. (Archibald Constable and Co.)
Another's Burden. By James Payn. (Downey and Co.)
Jan: An Afrikander. By Anna Howarth. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)
Baboo Jabberjee, B.A. By F. Anstey. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

Sometimes it is given to Mr. Crockett to tell a good story; at other times it is not, and yet again there are times when the author of "The Raiders" achieves neither success nor failure. Such an achievement is "Lochinvar," a story that on the face of it ought to be brimful of life and movement, but strangely enough seldom gets above an easy jog-trot. Mr. Crockett's *Lochinvar* is not exactly the *Lochinvar* of Lady Heron's song. Essentially, of course, he is the same hero, but his environment is different, being drawn less from the ballad of Wat Gordon than from local tradition. It would be unjust to say that the story is altogether lacking in interest, or that it is devoid of good things; the death of "the Little Marie," for example, is well conceived and told with power and pathos, but the book lacks characterisation, and over it all there is a vagueness that causes many a promising incident to miss fire. The central characters are Walter Gordon of *Lochinvar* and Kate McGhie, whose love-story ends in the traditional capture of the bride at her father's hall door. Of subordinate interest are the hero and heroine of "The Men of the Moss Hags," Will Gordon, cousin to Wat, and his wife Maisie. There are the usual adventures, bonds, imprisonments, bickerings, combats, and flights of the historical novel generally, and particularly of the Crockett novel, but of history cunningly interwoven with the tale, which is of the essence of historical romance, there is nothing worthy of remark. We do, it is true, get glimpses of Dundee and of the Prince of Orange, but beyond the more appearance of these historical personages history has but little place in the work. The introduction of historical characters, of course, cannot of itself make a picture of a period, and it is just on this question of a picture of the times that one is most inclined to doubt the success of "Lochinvar." In spite of many pleasing touches, the doubt remains. The talk and temper of the characters are alike unsatisfying and unconvincing. Most unfortunate is the talk. Everyone, without distinction, speaks that terrible jargon of strained epithet and false archaism wherein the author doth chiefly delight, but which his best friends, who recognise his real inventive grip and the general excellence of his "stuff," do chiefly deplore. But, as we have indicated, the book is not without its moments of charm, although something is missing which in former novels helped Mr. Crockett towards reputation.

"Acadio" was the old French name for what became, upon its cession to England, Nova Scotia, and this is the region in which Mr. Roberts, apparently a Canadian, has laid the scene of his "Acadian novel." Its surviving *habituans* long remained attached to their mother-country, and as one of them, the hero of the story aids the French in their attempt to re-enter Acadie during the war between France and England which was closed by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, years before Canada became British with Wolfe's victory on the Heights of Abraham. The plot, such as it is, turns, however, less on encounters between French and English than on the enmity of an unhistorical person, a French ecclesiastic, the Black Abbé, to the hero, though both of them are supporting the cause of France in Acadie. The Black Abbé's hostility is extended to a lovely young English widow, to whom the hero is attached. She is seized and carried far away from him by Indian emissaries of the wicked Abbé, and much of the story is a narrative of his endeavours to track her with the aid of an Indian hunter devoted to him, through forest and on river. The adventures and vicissitudes of this pursuit of the kidnapped heroine are told in great detail and with much spirit. That they recall Fenimore Cooper is high praise to bestow on "The Forge in the Forest."

If "Niobe" be a fair specimen of the tales of Jonas Lie, the popular Norwegian novelist, he deserves to find an audience in England. Some of his simple and natural delineations of Norwegian life in this story call to mind those of Swedish life by that favourite of a former generation of English readers, Frederica Bremer. But Lie is more than a faithful and genial describer of the home-life of his countrymen—he is, though unobtrusively, an impressive moralist. In "Niobe" the happiness of a Norwegian family of the middle class is wrecked by one son's haste to become rich, by the vanity and ambition without industry and perseverance of his would-be artistic brother, and by the morbid and exotic romanticism of a daughter. Their ways contrast with the genial contentment and adherence to duty of the father and the good sense of the mother. Perhaps Lie wishes the parents to be regarded as representatives of Old Norway and their children of Young Norway. The father, at the outset the most honourable of men, is tempted towards the end to commit a crime in order to save the speculative son from ruin, but ruin overtakes him none the less. The description of the tragical fate which befalls the whole family is very touching in its quiet pathos. The translator has done his work so well that his version reads like an original; and he has prefixed an interesting notice, biographical and critical, of the author.

In his preface to the English translation of Balzac's "La Cousine Bette" Professor Saintsbury pronounces it to be "beyond all question one of the very greatest of his works." However this may be, "beyond all question" it is one of the most unedifying of them. A more unrelieved picture of shameless wickedness in high

places and in low was never given to the world by Zola himself. With the exception of Baroness Hulot, the best of wives to the worst of husbands—their daughter, if unobjectionable, is insignificant—all the chief characters are unredeemably and irretrievably bad. Baron Hulot himself, one of the leading personages of the story, is a high official in the French War Office with an ample income, but he starves his home and swindles the public without hesitation or remorse to procure money for the gratification of what Professor Saintsbury delicately calls his "eroticomania," with the details of which the book is filled. "Cousin Betty," it is to be supposed, was meant by Balzac to be the heroine of the story. She is not unworthy of it, being the embodiment of a cold, sleepless, and mean malignity which is simply repulsive. Another leading character is Madame Marneffe, one of the coarsest, vilest, and most shameless of adventuresses to be found anywhere in fiction. Some critics—French presumably—have, it seems, compared her to Becky Sharp, and actually "to the disadvantage" of Thackeray's imitable creation. But this is a little too much even for Professor Saintsbury; and, indeed, compared with Valérie Marneffe, Doll Tearsheet seems a respectable member of society.

Mr. F. W. Robinson's "Young Nin," a music-hall singer, wrecks her life also by an unsympathetic marriage, but she is heroically pure, and sacrifices her life, and tries to induce her lover to sacrifice his, to her purity. She was induced by her mother and sister to marry a peer, while her heart was given to a pianist; and when the peer neglects her, and the pianist appears to console her, she meets his proposal to live with him by a counter-proposal that he should die with her. She not only allures to brighter worlds, but leads the way by flinging herself into a pond into which the pianist, though a poor swimmer, has to throw himself in an attempt at her rescue. This clumsy attempt would have only ensured his own death and hastened hers, if his cries had not brought help. Both are rescued from drowning, but Nin dies, rather melodramatically, immediately after, and the repentant pianist disappears into space. Mr. Robinson is not at his best in "Young Nin."

The heroine of "A Tortured Soul" boasts of an advantage over literary people which her creator unquestionably has and shows: "Well, you see, Moll, I have a great pull over literary people: this is my first go off, and all my ideas are fresh. I have not worked them to skeletons; by and by I dare say I shall come to the part where I tear my hair and throw things at any nose that penetrates round the door." The girl's relations to the aged peer, the aged peer's relations to his wife, his wife's relations towards them both, are all absolutely new either in fiction or in life. And the servant's reply to this boast of her young mistress will show that the style of the volume is now also: "My nose ain't long enough; its growth was stunted by Providence to keep me from meddling with what don't concern me; you won't be worried by my nose." She spoke like a person with a mission, whose soul hung on the point of a spear ready to be roasted at the fire of experience.

It is a high compliment to Miss Fiona Macleod to say that the style of her "Laughter of Peterkin" is as exquisite as the divine Celtic tales she retells of "The Three Sorrows." In her noble version all "the haunting charm and sad exquisite beauty which are the colour and fragrance of the Celtic genius" are felt as we never felt them yet, and we are lulled by her music, as her brothers were lulled by the magic music of Fionula, into forgetting realities in these dreams—

Sleep, sleep, brothers dear, sleep and dream,
Nothing so sweet lies hid in all your years,
Life is a storm-swept gleam
In a rain of tears:
Why wake to a bitter hour, to sigh, to weep?
How better far to sleep—
To sleep and dream!

Mr. James Payn has hit upon a happy idea for his plot in "Another's Burden," and has been as happy in the lightness and brightness wherewith he has carried it out. Two lads, brought up together—a peer's son and the son of a vicar—are contrasted with each other; the peer's son being open, dashing, and frankly fast, and the vicar's reserved, retiring, "and of his port as meek as is a maid." Both dread the austere vicar, but worship his saintly wife, whose whole heart is wrapped up in her angel-faced boy. The saintly youth, in a moment rather of weakness than of wickedness, seduces his mother's sewing-woman, and commits suicide to escape the horror of exposure; while the fast youth, to save the vicar's wife the anguish of discovering her son's sin, assumes the guilt himself, thereby forfeiting her respect and friendship and the hand of the girl to whom he was engaged. The reader asks why he did not confide the truth to the girl's exclusive keeping; and this certainly is the weak point of the plot. However, Mr. Payn is too good-natured to separate altogether or for long his charming lovers; and the recognition by the vicar's wife of the likeness to her angel-faced son of the child of shame reveals to her and to the heroine the magnanimity of the hero.

Miss Anna Howarth's plot is yet more original than Mr. Payn's, while the scenes and personages of "Jan: An Afrikander," are as out-of-the-way as its plot. Jan, though the son of a Kaffir woman, so resembles his English father—a baronet—that he passes everywhere and with everyone, except experts in miscegenation, for a pure white. If, however, he inherits his father's complexion, he is his mother's son in the latent savagery of his disposition. He falls in love at first sight with a savage precipitancy, and being wealthy, superbly handsome, and apparently a pure-blooded white, succeeds in his suit. The match, however, is broken off through his fiancée's discovery of his Kaffir mother, to which she was helped by a Dutchman, whom Jan strangles for his pains. With the same savage impetuosity Jan forms a fervent friendship with his cousin, who had come to Africa in search of him as the heir to a baronetcy and a fine English property. Such is the influence for good upon Jan of this exemplary

cousin that he surrenders himself to justice for the murder of the Dutchman, but defeats the vengeance of the law by suicide. His suicide leaves his English cousin in possession of the property, and smooths for him the course of true love. It is an excellent story, and of much promise as a first work.

Apropos of India, Mr. Anstey's "Baboo Jabberjee, B.A." with Mr. Bernard Partridge's illustrations, is an irresistibly entertaining reprint from *Punch*. Surely, however, it is to see the kid in its mother's milk to borrow from *Punch* itself its own jokes of a generation since? "An eye like Ma's to threaten and command" is of that age and origin; while the parody on the pompous Scotch custom of taking the name of your property—"Mister Seventy-Nine, Hereford Road, Bayswater"—is at least of an age to be retired.

POETRY.

- A Selection from the Poems of Mathilde Blind.* Edited by Arthur Symons. (Unwin.)
The Nursery Rhyme Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke. (Warne.)
Lullaby Land: Songs of Childhood. By Eugene Field. Selected by Kenneth Grahame. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. (John Lane.)
Aucassin and Nicolette. Translated by Francis William Bourdillon, M.A. Second edition. (Macmillan.)
Poems of the Love and Praise of England. Edited by F. and M. Wedmore. (Ward, Lock, and Co.)

Mr. Symons is right when he says that there is the accent of a voice in Mathilde Blind's poems that seems, the first time it is heard, to be remembered. Thus the pretty vellum-bound reprint of her verses, selected with sympathy by Mr. Symons, is a valuable aid to keep us from forgetting in the midst of many voices the best that was in her fine work. What has been reprinted is nearly all on a high level of excellence in conception and execution, and the sound of her voice is ever there, whether she watches the moon of Ramadán or the little London child pirouetting to a piano-organette.

"The Nursery Rhyme Book," which Mr. Lang has edited, is by far the most scholarly, the best arranged, and the most attractive compilation of the kind that the season has offered. It is divided into fourteen sections, ranging from historical jingles, like "When good King Arthur ruled this land," down to what Mr. Lang calls "relics," like "Rain, rain, go away." Mr. Brooke's pictures are charming, the paper and print are among the best that the publishers have ever used, and readers of every age will find the book a source of delight from end to end. Mr. Lang's preface is peculiarly good, and the index is elaborate. In fact, our nursery rhymes have been codified once and for all.

One of the most beautiful children's books in black and white issued this season is undoubtedly Mr. John Lane's edition of Eugene Field's verse. Eugene Field is, perhaps, the only writer of child's verse we have had who appeals to the multitude and does not disconcert the select. He had a great gift of melody; he had imagination; he had humour; and all his work was dominated by a passionate love of children. Mr. Grahame's preface would have been more to the point had he traced the genesis of these verses, as a popular American magazine did at the time of Field's death, instead of writing a pretty appreciation about them. He has, however, made a good selection, which includes "The Rock-a-Bye Baby from Hush-a-By Street," the delightful "Shuffle-Shoon and Amber-Locks," "Little Boy Blue," and that rare burden of "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." Mr. Robinson's illustrations are the quaintest things imaginable, with many a tender touch. The paper and print are excellent. Mr. Lane, in short, has made a hit.

Somewhere between 1150 and 1200 a charming love-story of Provence, called "Aucassin and Nicolette," was written. For five centuries and a half it was quite forgotten. Then, in 1752, a translation of it into modern French appeared in a Paris magazine. English readers encountered it for the first time in 1786, through the medium of an indifferent translation, while a century later three translations were made in one year (1887)—by Mr. Andrew Lang, by Mr. F. W. Bourdillon, and Mr. E. J. W. Gibb. Of the first, 613 copies were published, Mr. Thomas Mosher, of Portland, Maine, issuing an unauthorised edition in 1896. Of the second, 806 copies were published, while only fifty copies of the last were printed privately at Glasgow. But "Aucassin and Nicolette" is far too delightful to be doled out in such homoeopathic quantities, and thus Mr. Bourdillon has just issued a new edition, which marks an advance upon the first. The story is an exquisite bit of sentiment. The scene is the town of Beaucaire, in Provence, opposite that Tarascon immortalised by Tartarin. Aucassin, the son of the rich Count Gain, falls desperately in love with Nicolette, a "waif from Carthage," and despite every conceivable obstacle he clings to her and marries her. If Mr. Lang's translation is the more literary, Mr. Bourdillon's is the more precise and better adapted to the needs of the reader who would fain make out the original for himself. Indeed, his edition is a sort of epitome of the thirteenth-century French literature. He prints the French text alongside the English and adds a very valuable glossary.

The scheme for an anthology of patriotic poetry which Mr. Wedmore conceived years ago has become timely in this year of Jubilee, when England stood out for the first time as something more than the islands bounded by the Channel, the North Sea, the Pentland Firth, and the Atlantic. The collection which he and his daughter have made ranges from the ballad of Agincourt quoted from Pepys, down to Mr. William Watson. Thanks to the attitude of the copyright-holders, Tennyson is not included. For some reason not stated the most virile Great Englisher of them all, Rudyard Kipling to wit, is not included. The verse differs enormously in quality. On the one hand we have such sonorous sonnets as Milton's "Cromwell, our chief of men," and Wordsworth's "Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour"; on the other, we have the simple but thrilling ballads of Cowper and Campbell, with a whole host of indifferent singers. Of the hundred poems

quoted a very small fraction has passed into currency, "Rule Britannia," "Hearts of Oak," "The Royal George," "The Battle of the Baltic," "Ye Mariners of England," and "The British Grenadiers" being the most conspicuous. The notes by Miss Wedmore are sufficient, and the get-up of the volume is excellent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

London as Seen by Charles Dana Gibson. (John Lane.)

Curiosities of a Scots Chartist Chest, 1600–1800. With the Travels and Memoranda of Sir Alexander Dick, Baronet, of Prestonfield. Written by Himself. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. Atholl Forbes. (William Brown.)

London Signs and Inscriptions. By Philip Norman, F.S.A. (Stock.)

The Temple Magazine. Conducted by F. A. Atkins. Vol. I. (Horace Marshall and Son.)

The Young Woman. Conducted by F. A. Atkins. Vol. V. (Horace Marshall and Son.)

Atalanta. Edited by Edwin Oliver. Vol. X. (Marshall, Russell, and Co.)

In the summer of 1896 the brilliant American draughtsman, Mr. C. D. Gibson, paid a lengthy visit to London,

man of the house was Sir Alexander Dick (1703–85), who travelled extensively, and was the bosom friend of Allan Ramsay and his son; a later Baronet befriended Bozzy, who wished to marry a daughter of the house; and the charming Lady Anne Barnard comes into the story. The book is beautifully printed and is embellished with some excellent photogravures. Only three hundred copies are for sale. As a picture of eighteenth-century life in Scotland it is very valuable.

It is not creditable to a publisher to issue in 1897, without full warning, a book originally published in 1893, all the more if the work deals with such a shifting sand as London architecture. And yet that is what Mr. Stock has done with Mr. Norman's "London Signs." The original edition was not perfect. Thus Mr. Norman in his text (of 1893) spoke of the famous boy in Panyer Alley as stuck into a house "shortly to be pulled down." In a senseless note he added: "In November 1892 this house was demolished." Why not have stated the fact in the text? Since 1893 much has happened, but

ART NOTES.

Is the study of animals a cause of humour among artists? It would almost seem to be so, for as one looks through the list of contemporary animal-painters, from Mr. Briton Riviere down to the latest exponent, Mr. Robert Morley, whose work is reproduced in this number, we find much in support of such a theory. As a rule, four-legged animals have lent themselves more especially to the service of artists, but it is impossible not to realise the accuracy with which the "Stump Orator" is treated, and to foresee that he will in due course rise to the greater dignity of "cock of the walk," and proudly defend the rights of his zenana against his rivals of the farmyard.

The exhibition of a score of works by the three brothers Maris, at the Dutch Gallery (Brook Street, Hanover Square), will be "caviare to the general," for scarcely one of the pictures is illuminated by a note of brightness. It may be thought that Jacob, Matthys, and Willem Maris had been suffering from a common grief, which found its expression on their canvases. At the same time, for those who are not discouraged by low-toned work—



The Copyright is strictly Reserved by the Artist.

THE STUMP ORATOR.—BY ROBERT MORLEY.

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

and he has now recorded his impressions in one of those beautiful albums to which Mr. John Lane has accustomed us. What Mr. Gibson really saw was West-End London, which alone forms the medium for his peculiar gift of imagination. He has caught some of our national characteristics, and having idealised them all a little, he has cast them in his familiar moulds, so that the famous "Gibson Girl" is as surely to be found in Hyde Park as in Broadway. The portfolio is exceedingly handsome.

When James VI. sailed to Denmark for his bride, Princess Anne, he was skippered by Captain John Dick, and was so mightily pleased with the voyage that he gave the mariner a lady of the Court to wife. That is a long time ago, and since then the descendants of the gallant skipper—now represented by the Dick-Cunynghams—have had an interesting history. The Hon. Mrs. Atholl Forbes, an aunt of the present Baronet, has ransacked the family charta chest and compiled a most entertaining story about her forebears. It is not so well done as it might have been—Mr. Lang could have made a better book in point of perspective—but it is full of excellent material, and many a quaint story. The great

here we get the old book with a new date. This sort of thing is very misleading.

A young candidate among periodicals for the favour of the reading world is the *Temple Magazine*, which has completed its first year. The opening number contained a short but telling story by "Q," and one of the features of the volume is Dean Farrar's "Men I Have Known: Reminiscences and Appreciations" of Tennyson, Browning, the first and the second Lord Lytton, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield among others. Issued by the same publishers and conducted by the same editor as the *Temple Magazine* is the *Young Woman*, which has now completed its fifth year, and supplies a mass of entertaining and wholesome matter suited for readers of the sex indicated in its title. Both of these periodicals are prettily illustrated. Elaborately and copiously illustrated is *Atalanta*, now in the eleventh year of its existence. One of its specialities is a series of papers on "Practical Journalism," advice to aspirants who wish to qualify themselves for taking part in it. Most of them, it appears, desire to begin by reviewing books. Their monitor gives them a very sensible piece of advice: it is that they should, first of all, feel an interest in the books which they aim at reviewing.

of which this is the extreme limit—there is much to study in the methods of these three brothers. Jacob, the eldest, is seen, perhaps, to the best advantage, and his landscapes in the neighbourhood of Dordrecht have a weird beauty which grows upon the spectator. Matthys has also his rendering of twilight, quite apart, but in the same train of feeling; while Willem cares, apparently, only for low-lying meadows under skies heavy with clouds, suggesting rain and wind.

The efforts made by Herr A. W. Keim, of Munich, to stimulate artists to take an intelligent interest in their pigments have apparently not been crowned with success. For years this eminent chemist has been endeavouring to impress upon painters that to obtain from colours their truest and most permanent results, the mixing of them should be governed by scientific principles. Herr Keim has elaborated his views in papers which have met with the approval of chemists of all countries, but the painters have remained hopelessly indifferent. In vain he tells that chemists should be best able to decide upon the materials most suitable for the painter's work. The painters (of this country at least), possibly with the evidence of Reynolds' and Turner's experiments before their eyes, entertain doubts as to the efficacy of scientific knowledge in works of art.



THE WASHINGTON POST.

Drawn by Lucien Davis, R.I.

LUCIEN DAVIS



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: HEADQUARTERS CAMP AT BAGH, PROTECTED AGAINST THE ENEMY'S FIRE INTO CAMP AT NIGHT.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



ON THE WAY TO KLDNIKE, SKAGWAY TOWN, FROM THE HEAD OF THE LYNN CANAL, SHOWING THE WHITE PASS IN OCTOBER 1897.

Drawn by Edward Roper.





SEEING THE NEW YEAR IN.

Drawn by Arthur Hopkins.



GONE ASHORE.

Drawn by Fannie Moody.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESSES.

Christmas being once more over, with its disregarded bills and its deeply enjoyed compensations—cynics notwithstanding—we now stand face to face with another New Year—the New Year that once began for all of us, with ardent hopes and high resolutions. Oh! those good resolutions, that bubble up and simmer for a space and then lie down about our feet and get ruthlessly walked over or temporisingly set aside! Yet it is well, notwithstanding, to begin with what the schoolboys call a spurt; and if such symptoms are apt to fizzle out, who knows that some small spark of earnestness may not keep a latent lingering life to set the rest at its fitting moment afame—and so our New Year mood may, perhaps, not altogether come to naught.

Meanwhile the crowding present, with its unceasing absorption and fullness of life, claims us again, and the brief interval of hallowed classic Christmastro is over and done with. The boys count up their remaining holidays, while the master ruefully counts down their diminished and to-be-replenished wardrobes. Legends with "A remittance will oblige" at foot seek out our soul's most tender, easily irritated spot. The nipping air of January withers our spirits and blots our chockbones purple, and a myriad minor torments make life a momentary burden, and the sandwichman's lot by comparison (and purely in imagination) seem bearable. But that will pass. After orgies come reactions. Spring fashions succeed the sacrificial sales of January, and cricket is at least within measurable distance of skating—so from both points of view. But the sales! I have not leisure at the moment to dilate on the unadulterated delight they bring, broadly speaking, to the receptive and sympathetic feminine bosom! First love and lobster salad may be briefly summed up as the respective lode stars of sixteen and sixty, but a Bargain (which should be always spelt in capitals) is that to which all ages intervening and inclusive bow the knee.

Never since its first inception as a place of fashionable resort has Cairo promised a better season to its various coteries than this; and the "flight into Egypt," as it has been facetiously labelled, becomes every year a more favourite pastime with the prosperously pursed in consequence. Lady Croomer's two forthcoming balls in January will be an important set-off to the season; and a well-bestowed friend made my mouth water sympathetically, not to say enviously, by the sight of two trebly attractive frocks in which she destines herself to figure respectively at each. One of these creations, briefly described, is of white glacé taffetas with an overdress of white mousselino-de-soie, and a second outer one of lemon-yellow chiffon. The rounded bodice, gathered at waist, is



A PIQUANT JACKET.

ornamented with a distractingly smart and intricate network of jet and pearl beads, forming sun-ray stripes down the front on each side, a large diamond star making an effective apex to this spangled splendour. A waistband of lemon-hued satin ribbon, twisted twice round the figure, falls in long embroidered ends at left side. Yellow satin shoes, also embroidered in jet and pearl, are to be worn with black silk stockings; fan, gloves, and osprey for the hair are also black.

The second ball-gown of pink tulle over a brighter pink taffetas might also have moved any woman of taste to tears. The tulle, gathered on in three festooned and

scalloped flounces, was inlaid with delicate ivory lace, and down both sides of front the same airy-fairy Chantilly appeared wrought in the favourite Louis Quinze knots, than which no more decorative decoration has ever been invented or revived. These bows reappear on the loosely gathered tulle bodice, and three little flounces edged with Chantilly insertion finish fully and becomingly the rounded bodice, worn low to show a very personable pair of white shoulders. It seems little short of profanity to dance in such a dress, but we do not pause over these matters in the kingdom of big incomes. As for jewels, this reckless woman took with her a huge leather case packed with sparkling gauds in every tray, necklaces that made convertible tiaras, or divided into bracelets or dazzling brooches. I commented loudly on the risk and rashness of bringing such costly things about the world, even with a lynx-eyed maid in attendance, but was set at naught with the assurance that three-fourths of these exquisitely wrought ornaments owed their being to the incredible skill and art of the Parisian Diamond Company. Indeed, it seems no exaggeration to say that every other woman in society who would formerly smile superior at the idea of wearing any gem not utterly genuine, now supplements her steel-bound safe with some of the marvellously beautiful and artistic creations of this company. The recent and universal favour into which the wearing of jewellery has come may be largely laid, in fact, to their credit. An American lady, writing me from New Haven, Conn., on the subject of wearing jewellery, says, "You know that over here in America even our best papers of the fashions are, unfortunately, not very reliable, so we are obliged to consider your London papers as our authorities. I see in the photographs of your nobility that many of the ladies wear earrings. Would it be possible to bring this fashion back again?" As a matter of fact, these ornaments are on the list of fashionable accoutrements again, and for their reintroduction the translucent Orient pearl of the Parisian Diamond Company is again largely responsible.

The well-proved commonplace of our grandfathers which remarks that there is nothing now under the sun applies to fitful fashion quite as truly as other matters of even more import. Here, for example, is a full and true pictorial account of the "visite" of antiquity brought up to date among other revivals, and a very pretty and piquant version of this old-world garment it is. Sable flouncing making excellent effect, as it always does by the side of black velvet, with vest of rich cut-jet passementerie in front and a jabot of old lace at throat. The toque, also of black velvet, deftly draped to its most becoming possibilities, is beaded in a Louis Quinze design, with a group of dun-brown quills to set it off. I have no doubt that many women who own fur flouncings, which have been so long *démodé*, will rejoice at the prospect of turning such valuable white elephants to practical purpose again. From which it may be gathered that *tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*, cannot be justly advanced against our fashions in clothes at all events. Our other illustration introduces itself as the most perfect possible example of a matronly dinner-gown—the soft pink mauve velvet being overlaid with rich ivory guipure, hemmed with sable, and the sash of ivory mousse-line-de-soie giving that touch of dainty lightness which redeems and yet emphasises the splendid combination of colour and material. Around the neck a twist and bow of ivory chiffon will not interfere with the display of a diamond necklace, and, failing a tiara, the tightly curled feather to match gown is one of our present ideas. SYBIL.

NOTE S.

That good lady the Countess of Meath has given to the "Irish Workhouse Association" the munificent donation of £2000 to provide training-homes for girls who have been brought up in the workhouse, in order to fit them for superior domestic service. One thousand is to be applied to founding a Catholic home, and the other thousand to a home for Protestant girls. Lady Meath's name is already inseparably connected with a humanitarian scheme for improving workhouse life—it is known by the name of her earlier courtesy title before her husband's accession to his peerage, as the "Brabazon scheme." It is a plan for teaching the old people and the sick confined in the infirmaries in the workhouses various forms of work. Knitting, crochet and netting, lace-making of a simple sort, wood-carving, bent iron-work, and fret-work are introduced into the dull wards: the work is taught to such of the inmates as desire by ladies, who also provide the materials, and at last organise a private sale of the objects produced, and apply the proceeds to the benefit of the ward. One old man in a London workhouse developed a taste for millinery, and, being bedridden as regarded his legs, used to be taken out in a bath-chair from time to time to look at the bonnet-shops and keep abreast of the fashions! Where lady guardians have been elected, this scheme is generally introduced. Lady Meath has a fund from which the initial expenses are borne, but once started, after a little while it is usually found that the work will sell for sufficient to pay all the small cost of its continuance. Any of my readers who may think it possible to introduce the scheme into a workhouse where it is still unknown can obtain full particulars from Lady Meath's secretary, Richmond, London.

Rather a melancholy meeting has been held to dissolve another workhouse charitable society—that which has existed for some years to promote the trained nursing of the sick in parish infirmaries. A recent order of the Local Government Board has been issued which will compel guardians in future to supply at least one trained nurse in each infirmary, and this has superseded to some extent the task which the association set before itself in its initiation. Lady Lothian made a warm appeal for the continuance of the society till this new Government rule was worked out in practice; for it seems that it is very difficult to discover trained nurses who will undertake the dull, monotonous, and not too well-paid work of caring for the aged and bedridden inmates of the workhouse. But Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Miss Louisa Twining showed so clearly that neither funds nor other needful conditions of success could henceforth be obtained that it was decided by the meeting

to disband the society. It has done a noble work in the past, and the ladies who originated and have managed it for eighteen years are to be congratulated on the practical adoption of their undertaking by the State department responsible for proper arrangements in the workhouses.

A medical man writes to the *Lancet* that he had obtained an appointment in a workhouse infirmary when he discovered that he would be required to share a sitting-room with the other medical officer, who is a lady, and his modesty



A DAINTY DINNER-GOWN.

had compelled him to decline the berth. He might be a Turk! Surely it is a usual practice for ladies and gentlemen to share a sitting-room in this enlightened land? But I suspect the great smoking question is at the bottom of the objection. It certainly leads to the exclusion of ladies from many public dinners: men prefer the weed to the "smiles of the fair."

At the dinner given by the National Liberal Club to the Progressive members of the London School Board, six ladies were present, and Mrs. Maitland was deputed to tell the gentlemen that the ladies were willing that they should smoke. Miss Honnor-Morton further encouraging them by taking a cigarette herself. Ladies at public dinners generally consent to the men smoking, because they do not wish to be kill-joys, but non-smokers of either sex do, as a rule, greatly dislike the fumes of tobacco. When women make up their minds to smoke, they are as inveterate smokers of the insidious vapour as men; the Queens of Spain and Italy, for instance, smoke almost incessantly.

We all of us wish well to the Crystal Palace—it is such a nice place to take the children to at all seasons of the year, and especially in the winter. The great success of Wulff's Circus there for two seasons past, and its return for these holidays is, therefore, a cause for congratulation, for it is on such occasional great attractions to London holiday-makers that the Palace depends. Herr Wulff has this time brought a team of eight magnificent Hanoverian cream-coloured horses, identical in every way with those which draw the carriage of the Queen on State occasions. They are really lovely creatures, and will particularly interest those who have never had an opportunity of seeing the actual royal team. The cleverness of the trained horses and the *verve* of their performances is astonishing. An exciting mock hunt is carried through, all concerned in the performance appearing to enjoy the business, like good actors as they are. Despite many competing attractions, the Palace Circus is sure to be desired by the youngsters home for the holidays.

A daily paper, *La Fronde*, the special feature of which is that it is edited and managed by women, has made its appearance in Paris. On its list of contributors are the names of many well-known modern French-women, and it is said that the directress, Madame Marguerite Durand, has a capital of £40,000 at her back. It is not what would be generally understood as a "ladies' paper," but a general newspaper, with the speciality of being "*dirigé, administré, rédigé, composé par des femmes*." It has a "Home" column, a column on stamp-collecting, a sporting column, a finance article, and a section of mixed news. An article entitled "Feminism" urges certain legal changes for women. It is mentioned that the women compositors of the paper having asked only five or six francs a day wages, Madame Durand had decided that her principles required her to pay them the full trade union rate of eight francs daily. There is nothing in the new women's daily paper to startle, little to interest.

F. F.-M.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The *Guardian* warmly takes the side of the Bishop of St. Asaph in his dispute with his clergy. It says that the most deadly peril of the Church of Wales is the jealousy of some Welshmen for other Welshmen who have succeeded better than themselves. It thinks that this is why the Welsh clergy do not succeed more rapidly in reconciling the majority of the Welshmen to the Church, and warns them that if their jealousies are continued, they will run serious risk of forfeiting the loyal and spontaneous support on the part of English Churchmen which has hitherto averted Disestablishment.

The Rev. Lucius Fry urges that the laity of the Church should have a real voice in the choosing who the minister for any particular office should be. He urges that voluntary diocesan boards should be elected by the clergy and laity of the diocese, that a patronage board should be formed out of the council, and that, when a vacancy occurs in an incumbency which is vested in the board elected, representatives of the parish should have a place on the board, so that both diocese and parish be fairly represented. He affirms that a fire of discontent with the present plan of appointing the clergy has long been smouldering among the rank and file of the Church of England, and from the non-phlegmatic nature of the Welshmen it was only to be expected that the first outbreak of the flame should be in Wales. In more than one English diocese, however, the fire has only been with difficulty suppressed from breaking forth.

Canon Benham protests against the Bishop of Marlborough's recent reference to the late Rev. William Rogers. In this he alluded to Rogers' nickname, "Hang Theology Rogers." Canon Benham says that this nickname was most unjustly applied to Prebendary Rogers; that he felt it very keenly; that it was ungenerous to revive it after the old man had been two years in his grave; and that no man could be in Rogers's company without feeling that he was filled with courage and hope from God.

A remarkable churchman has passed away in Mr. William McIver, a blacksmith, who was trade-union secretary at the Consett Ironworks. Mr. McIver was a churchman and a regular attendant at St. Ives Church, Leadgate, where he usually read the lessons. He was at one time anxious to enter holy orders, but it was pointed out to him that he could do much more for the Church as a layman. He was twice the guest of the late Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace. Such men are by no means too common.

The Rector of St. Mark's, Marylebone Road, emphatically contradicts the statement of Mr. Scarfe as to the use of prayers to the Blessed Virgin in his church. He affirms that the Chancellor, believing Mr. Scarfe's evidence, based his ruling accordingly, and condemned the Stations as having been put to a superstitious use.

The annual reports of the Baptist and Congregational Churches in this country have been published, and show more than the ordinary rate of progress in both instances.

The distinguished Church historian, Canon Overton, who is about to leave Epworth, has received a gift of the works of Bishop Lightfoot from the clergy of the rural deanery along with an address which they all signed.

The reviews of Mr. Grant Allen's book on the "Evolution of the Idea of God" have been unusually severe, and this applies alike to the secular and religious Press. One paper says that if anybody is to do for religion what Mr. Spencer has done for sociology, it must be one who will think more exactly, who will take the trouble to meet fairly the argument already in possession of the field, and who will not "envisege" any stick as being good enough to beat the Christian dog with. Mr. Allen is in doubt as to whether Jesus Christ existed at all, though he does not dogmatise on this. He thinks he may have been, perhaps, "a wild local enthusiast," and that the Gospel myth "implicitly identifies him with all the familiar corn gods and wine gods of the Eastern Mediterranean." V.

DECORATIONS FOR THE MAIDSTONE NURSES.

There was an interesting gathering in the Museum Buildings, Maidstone, the other day, when the Mayor, Mr. Joseph Barker, on behalf of the Town Council, presented a silver medal and clasp, the handiwork of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, to each of the nurses who had served during the recent typhoid epidemic. Among those present at the ceremony were the Lord Mayor of London and the Misses Davies, Alderman and Sheriff Green, Sheriff Dewar, Sir John Monckton, Mr. H. D. Evans, Mr. John Barker, and the Mayors of Colchester and Queenborough. In a brief speech the Lord Mayor said that, speaking on behalf of the citizens of London, he wished to offer his sympathy to Maidstone, and, at the same time, heartily to congratulate all concerned on the noble work which had been done in stamping out the terrible epidemic from which the town had suffered. He also congratulated the town on the generous response which the citizens of London and other parts of the kingdom had made to the Mayor's appeal for help, the relief fund having reached a total of £27,000.



CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E J SHARPE (Clapton).—We fear the tale of "sound and fury" pertains to your solution rather than the problem. If 1. Q to B 5th, P to Kt 4th seems quite sufficient as a reply.

ALPHA AND OTHERS.—Concerning your solution of No. 2801, see defence suggested above.

A B S (Tetford).—We shall be most happy to publish the game you mention.

F F WHEELER (Aylesbury).—You have made a brave attempt at No. 2801, but have failed, in company with some of our best solvers. (1) We would recommend "Hooper's Chess," published by Routledge, or "Bird's." (2) The two-move problem by B G Laws, and the three-move problem by J Rayner.

ONTARIO (London, Canada).—If Black play 1. K to K 5th, White replies with Q to B 2nd (ch), etc.

F S TAYLOR (Hunstanton).—Your solution is quite right, and is acknowledged below. The main variation is sufficient, or even the key-move if you are in a hurry.

G B AND OTTO SCHMIDT (Berlin).—The problem is faulty, inasmuch as it has a bad dual in one of its variations, but otherwise we do not credit it with a second solution.

F PROCTER (West Bergholt).—We regret your problem is defective by 1. R takes P, Kt takes R or Kt takes Kt; 2. B to B 7th (ch), and Q mates next move.

If Black play 1. K to B 6th, then 2. Kt takes Kt (ch), etc.

W S II.—No; Black King cannot take the Rook under the circumstances. The White Knight does not lose its defensive power because it is pinned.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2791 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2796 from Thomas E. Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2797 from H. S. Brandreth (Algiers); of No. 2798 from James Clark (Chester); of No. 2799 from J. Bailey (Newark) and James Clark (Chester); of No. 2800 from E G Boys, Gerrard and Sim (Macduff, N.B.), Otto Schmidt (Berlin), W M J (Wath-on-Dearne), Mark Dawson (Horforth), H S Brandreth (Algiers), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), Edith Corser (Reigate), and F S Taylor (Hunstanton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2801 received from J D Tucker (Ilkley), Hermit, R Woiters (Canterbury), W d'A Ba. nard (Uppingham), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), and F. Hooper (Putney).

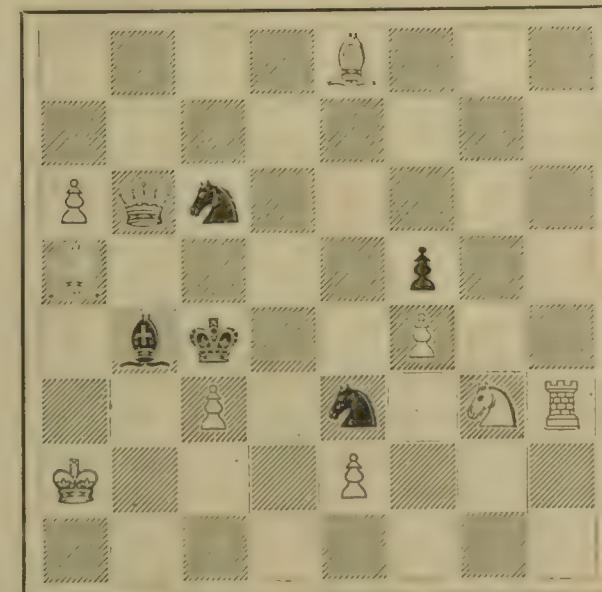
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2850.—By CHEVALIER DESANGES

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to R 3rd	K takes Kt
2. B to Kt 2nd (ch)	K to B 4th
3. Q to B 3rd, mate.	

If Black play 1. K takes P, 2. Q to B 8th (ch), and if 1. R takes R; then 2. Q to G 6th (ch), and mates next move.

PROBLEM NO. 2850.—By W. A. CLARK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played at the Manhattan Chess Club between Messrs. Jasnowodski and Kochler.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. K.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	19. Q takes P	B to B 3rd
2. P to K 3rd		20. Q to K 2nd	P to Kt 4th
One of the safest defences, but, of course, not at all enterprising. Followed by P to Q B 3rd, the centre should be well sustained for some time.		21. P to Kt 5th	B to Q 4th
2. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	22. P to B 4th	Kt takes P
3. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	23. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
4. P to K B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	24. R to B sq	B to K 5th
5. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd	25. B to B 3rd	B to Q 6th
6. P to K B 4th		26. Q to Kt 2nd	Q to B 4th
It would have been better to play now Kt to B 3rd, but it was tempting to make this move first.		27. B takes R	B takes R
7. Q to B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	28. R takes B	P to Kt 5th
This appears to add to White's weakness. Kt to B 3rd would at least have given a strong centre.		29. Kt to B 2nd	B takes P
8. K P takes P	P to B 2nd	30. Kt takes P	P to K R 4th
9. Kt to R 3rd	B to Q 2nd	31. B to K 5th	R to Q 7th
10. Castles	Castles (Q R)	32. Q to B 3rd	P takes Kt
11. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to Kt 3rd	33. B takes B	Q to B 7th
12. K to R sq	P to K R 3rd	34. R to Kt sq	Q takes B
13. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q Kt to K 2nd	35. P to B 5th	Q to Q 5th
14. P to Q R 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd	36. Q to B sq	P to Kt 6th
15. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 5th	37. P to R 3rd	Q to K 6th
16. Q to K 2nd	Kt to B 4th	38. P to B 6th	P to Kt 3rd
17. B to K sq	Kt to B 4th	39. R to Q sq	R to Q 6th
18. B takes Kt	P takes B	40. Q to B 2nd	R takes R (ch)
		41. Q takes R	Resigns.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played between Messrs. L. Fried and C. Schlechter.

(King's Bishop's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K B 4th	P to K 4th	This is the real blunder. But it was not evident that Black could sacrifice his Queen with a winning game in a few moves.	
2. P takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	10.	P takes Kt
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	11. B takes Q	P to B 7th (ch)
4. P takes P	B takes P	12. K to K 2nd	B to Kt 5th (ch)
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	13. K to Q 3rd	Kt to Q Kt 5 (ch)
6. B to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	14. K takes Kt	P to B 4th
7. B to R 4th	P to K 4th		Black mates.
8. B to K B 2nd	Kt to K 5th		
9. P to K 3rd	P to Kt 5th		
10. B to R 4th			

The Counties and Craigside Chess Association, which holds its annual gathering at Llandudno during the present week, has just issued the report of its last meeting. It is greatly to be hoped that, in the interest of English chess-players, a large sum will be given to its proceedings, and that the public will subscribe sufficient funds to make the programme attractive to the leading chess amateurs throughout the country.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Of late it has become the fashion with a section of the English Press—and neither the least well-informed nor the least refined—to deride everything Kaiser Wilhelm II. does. I have serious doubts about the wisdom of such a proceeding, apart from all considerations of the courtesy due to a powerful sovereign, who, whatever his defects, has never by a single act forfeited the esteem of the civilised nations at large, and whose private character will bear comparison with that of any ruler, ancient or modern. Even the censorious Berliners admit that there is not a better father or husband anywhere.

I am aware that the unfortunate and impetuous telegram in connection with the Jameson Raid has alienated English sympathy. But there were and there are thousands of Englishmen who privately thought what Wilhelm conveyed: that this wonderful expedition—mainly wonderful in its fiasco—was a wanton aggression on a peaceful people, justified by no patriotic motives, but inspired by motives of a purely commercial character, and that it deserved to fail. The simple advantage those Englishmen had over Wilhelm was that they were able to hold their tongues at a very exciting moment. Their brains are probably not as active as that of the German Emperor, and the safety-valve in the way of speech or manifesto is not necessary to them. For Wilhelm's activity and capacity for work are literally prodigious. In winter and summer he is out of bed at five, and after his bath and his breakfast he sits down at his writing-table at half-past six.

And among the enormous heap of letters, the like of which can only be seen in Leo the Thirteenth's workshop, and half of which have been brought by special messengers from the General Post in the Königstrasse, while others have come all the way from Potsdam, there is not one communication that escapes his attention. Unlike his great ancestor Fritz, he does not answer them all personally, but he indicates the drift of the replies. There are, moreover, the reports of his Ministers and of the heads of the higher and purely administrative departments, so that he can barely snatch a moment at seven to go and see his children. The Empress herself always breakfasts with him, even at the early hour just mentioned,

At ten past seven he is back in his own room, where he receives the reports of the Marshalate and discusses matters with the functionaries appertaining to the Grand Master of the Palace. The programme of this or that journey, of this or that ceremony, is thoroughly examined in all its bearings, not forgetting the expenses it will entail, for Wilhelm, though liberal enough where his charities are concerned, is exceedingly careful with regard to the cost of his own daily life and that of his surroundings. The man who has his uniforms cleaned and "done up" twice or thrice, who suggests new cuffs and collars and facings in order to make things last a little longer, will give freely and unsolicited, but absolutely in secret, where his gifts are needed.

Let it not be thought that this is a mere supposition on my part. Here is a story for which the editor of a new but prospectively prosperous London weekly will vouch, if necessary. Said editor is by no means an ardent monarchist, but he is essentially a lover of the truth. The recipients of Wilhelm's charity lived in the back premises of his own dwelling in Berlin; a mother and ever so many children suddenly left unprovided, nay penniless, by the unexpected death of the breadwinner. He himself wrote the petition for relief, and the first relief was forthcoming in less than forty-eight hours to the tune of one hundred marks. Since then three of the children have been placed in positions that will eventually lead to independence and, perhaps, to affluence. And Wilhelm has not forgotten his protégés. On the Emperor's birthday, there is sent from the palace an enormous hamper, containing a complete dinner, napery, china, plate, etc.; and as the dishes are of the best manufacture and marked with the royal crown and monogram, my informant has become the possessor of some, which he keeps in memory of Wilhelm's goodness of heart. The family thus remembered are of the humblest, and, in spite of Pastor Stocker, Jews. They had no claim upon Wilhelm, save the fact that the breadwinner had been through the Franco-German War.

It happens very frequently that the heads of departments present as much as twenty documents in a single morning. They rarely take away more than three or four signed. The rest are put aside until the sovereign feels convinced that he can subscribe to them *en connaissance de cause*. "I am sorry to give you so much trouble," is the general apology for the delay, "but I cannot do otherwise. I myself am accomplishing a big task; my conscience will not admit of taking a hasty decision." And yet someone has lately invented a new epithet for the Kaiser—namely, "William the Sudden." But whether it be "the Sudden" or "the Slow," conscientious work like that is entitled to something better than sneers, even if the sovereign sneered at were not half an Englishman who has probably inherited his amazing vitality and energy from the best-trusted sovereign that ever sat on the English throne.

Christmas is a season in which the bitters of religious controversy may well be omitted from the bill of fare. So the Duke of Norfolk evidently thinks, if one may judge by a letter he has written to his fellow Roman Catholics at Sheffield. They, it seems, are much agitated by a lecturer who has been on a tour of denunciation of convents, and they proposed to hold a counter demonstration, to which the Postmaster-General, who is the most popular man in Sheffield, was accordingly bidden. But his Grace refuses to go, and he gives his reasons. He says he thanks God that he has a sister a nun, and that his wife's last act was to found a convent. He begs, therefore, to be excused any participation in a demonstration which might imply that he thought the fair fame of his sister and of his wife was in need of vindication.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1892) of Mr. William James Anderson, of 34, Westbourne Terrace, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Dec. 15 by Henry Edward Julier, William Adams Frost, and John James Hamilton, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £280,623. The testator gives £40,000 to his daughter, Mrs. Maria Deane Frost; £25,000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Amy Margaret Churchill Julier, and Mrs. Ella Giles; £20,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Clara Strutt Anderson; £10,000, upon trust, for his grandson, Frank Anderson Julier; £500 each to his grandchildren, except his said grandson; his leasehold house in Cavendish Square and £1000 to his son-in-law, Henry Edward Julier; £1000 each to his sons-in-law, William Adams Frost, and George Michael Giles; £1000 to John James Hamilton; £1000 each to his sisters, Mrs. Isabella Churchill, and Mrs. Augusta Watermeyer; £500 each to the two sons of Mrs. Watermeyer; £500 to his cousin, William Mortimer Farmer; and other legacies and specific gifts to relatives, friends, and clerks. He gives and devises £3000, and all his real and personal estate in Cape Colony, to his brother-in-law William George Anderson. Mr. Anderson bequeathed the following charitable legacies namely, £250 each to the Sailors' Home in Capetown, and St. Paul's Church, Rondebosch, Capetown; £100 each to the English Church (Simon's Town), St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), St. George's Hospital, and the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital; £50 to the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea; £100 each to the Vicars of St. Michael and All Angels (Paddington) and St. James's (Paddington) for distribution at their discretion among the poor of their respective parishes. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his daughters, Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Julier, and Mrs. Giles, and his grandson, Frank Anderson Julier, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1897) of Mr. William Mackenzie, of The Priory, Bawdon, Chester, who died on Oct. 25, was proved on Dec. 16 by George Menzies Mackenzie and Kenneth Mackenzie, the sons, and Francis Venables Williams, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £62,293. Subject to an annuity of £100 to his sister, Helen Mackenzie, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, both in England and the United States, to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1895), with three codicils (dated Nov. 24, 1896, and Jan. 20 and Oct. 29, 1897), of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Robert Anderson Ramsay, of 24, Ryder Street, St. James's, who died on Nov. 8, was proved on Dec. 11 by William Le Geyt Dudgeon, Philip Herbert Martineau, the Hon. Charles Maulo Ramsay, and Arthur Ramsay Macdonald, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £42,777. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his nephew, Captain Henry Lushington Ramsay; £8000 to his great-nephew, the Hon. Charles Maulo Ramsay; £4000 to his great-nephew, the Hon. Patrick William Maulo Ramsay; £3000 to his great-nephew, the

Hon. Alexander Robert Maulo Ramsay; £4000 to his niece, Annie Ramsay; £500 each to his nieces, Lillian Banbury, Patricia Leitnez, Harriet Charlotte Young, Mrs. Denham, and Mrs. Birney; £500 to Patricia Annie Young; £1000 to his niece, Jessie Louisa Dudgeon; £500 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £100 each to his executors, a legacy to his valet, and gifts to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Captain Henry Lushington Ramsay.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1859) of Major-General Ralph Young, R.E., of 17, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, who died on Nov. 9, was proved on Dec. 11 by Mrs. Juliet Young, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £29,411. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated July 30, 1880), with two codicils (dated Aug. 26, 1893, and June 9, 1897), of Mrs. Sarah Wood Stephens, of 43, Holland Park, widow, who died on Nov. 9, was proved on Dec. 3 by Thomas Walls Stephens, William Alfred Stephens, and James Arthur Percival Stephens, the sons, and James Bracebridge Hilditch, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £27,754. The testatrix bequeaths £200 each to Emma Roberts and Annie Ellen Brown; £2000, upon trust, for her daughter Theresa for life; £100 to her grandson, Thomas Walls Stephens; £100 per annum to her brother, Robert King, for life; and £100 each to her executors. All her real and the residue of her personal estate, including the property under the will of her father, William King, over which she has a power of appointment, she leaves to her five sons, Thomas Walls, William Alfred, James Arthur Percival, Samuel Walter, and Robert Ernest in equal shares.

The will (dated April 30, 1884), with a codicil (dated July 10, 1893), of Henry Francis, Marquis Conyngham, of Bitrons, Patrixbourne, Kent, and Slane Castle, County Meath, who died on Aug. 22, was proved on Dec. 18 by Sir Alexander Fuller Acland Hood, Bart., and Bertram Frankland Astley, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £57,709 gross and £19,753 net. The testator bequeaths £2000, his wines and consumable stores, carriages and horses, and 1000 oz. of silver plate to his wife, Frances Elizabeth Sarah, Marchioness Conyngham, and £200 each to his executors. He gives the remainder of his gold and silver plate, furniture, pictures, and articles of vertu to his eldest or only son, and in default thereof to the person who will be entitled under a deed of settlement (dated Jan. 1, 1879) to the rents and profits of the Minster and other estates, and his diamonds and jewels are to devolve as heirlooms and follow the like trusts. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children, except his eldest son, but should he have no child to inherit, then to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated July 15, 1893), with a codicil (dated July 11, 1895), of Mr. Thomas Firth, of Seawood, Kents Bank, Cartmel, Lancashire, who died on Aug. 25, has been

proved by Alfred Firth and Oliver Firth, the sons, and William James Waugh, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £17,805. The testator gives the use of his house and the furniture and contents and the income of £3000, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Firth, for life; £1000 each, upon trust, for his granddaughters, Nellie and Marion Firth; and his house, Scawood Cottage, to his son Alfred. The residue of his property he leaves between his four children—Alfred, Oliver, Alice Waugh, and Lucy Waugh, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 23, 1894), with a codicil (dated Oct. 30, 1897), of Mr. George Masterman, of Ashleath, owner of the Grand National winner "Ilex," who died on Nov. 13, was proved on Dec. 17 by James Bishop Hartley, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £9234. Subject to a few legacies and an annuity of £260 to his wife, he leaves all his property in certain shares to his brothers and sisters.

The will of Mr. Edward Walhall Delves Walhall, J.P., D.L., of St. Asaph, Flint, and the Junior Carlton Club, who died on Sept. 11, was proved on Dec. 15 by Mrs. Caroline Marion Walhall, the widow, and Thomas William Hensley, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £2769.

The will of Mr. Thomas George Tagg, of the Island Hotel, East Molesey, the well-known boat-builder, who died on June 27, was proved on Dec. 14 by Mrs. Jane Tagg, the widow, George John Tagg, the son, and Mrs. Kate Whitfield, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3771.

John Oliver Hobbes has gone to live in the Convent of the Assumption, Kensington Square. This does not mean that the distinguished novelist is about to take the veil. In the atmosphere of conventual peace it will be pleasant to write the sequel of "The School for Saints."

Some inquisitive officials in Paris were seized with the desire to inspect the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau in the Pantheon. It had been suggested that the ashes of these eminent men were not there, and to satisfy curiosity, the tombs were opened. The scene was rather grisly. Voltaire's skull was in pieces, and one of the spectators seems to have amused himself by putting them together in order to produce a Voltaican smile!

Among the words that the French have adopted from our language is the sweet one of "home," for which their own "chez lui," applicable equally to real "home" and the dull bachelor's digs or the meanest hovel that gives a shelter, affords no equivalent. The column on domestic matters in *La Fronde*, the new daily for women in Paris, is called "Le Home," and the same word was the one English vocable that appeared in the programme of the recent opening ceremony, attended by the Lady Mayoress, of a new Home for French Governesses in London.

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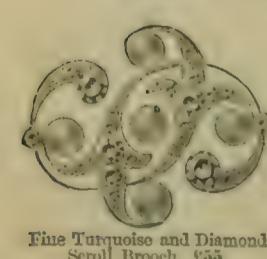
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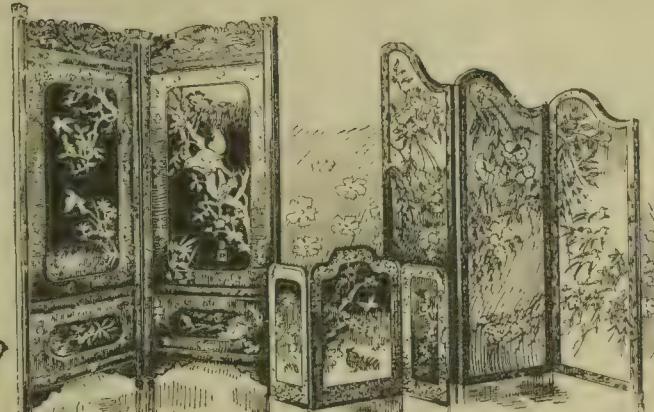
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MUSIC.

Christmas is a curious period for music and musicians. Formally speaking, the concert season takes the occasion of the festivities connected with the time to grant to itself a lull; simultaneously, however, there is an undercurrent of sacred concert, and of solitary upliftings of the amateur's voice, which fill the silence with a curious strangeness. On Christmas Day itself Mr. Robert Newman, true to his colours of catering for a public the taste of which he has gauged with admirable discretion and accuracy, gave an excellent performance of "The Messiah," under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood, at the Queen's Hall.

Of course, the Queen's Hall Choral Society—that excellent association—was the backbone of the performance. One has hitherto, however, associated Mr. Randegger with this organisation, and the substitution of Mr. Henry Wood rather led one to look out for novel developments. Handel, more than any musician popular among Englishmen, is literally surrounded by tradition of a particularly hide-bound nature. It is a tradition which is partly commendable, partly detestable; but we accept it on all hands, particularly when it is placed before us by a conductor who presumably has grown up with it and has had no opportunity or anxiety to test its merits from a personal point of view.

Mr. Henry Wood, however, seems to come to us with newer and fresher methods; he has in the immediate past treated us to many kinds of music which are modern in the most complete sense of the term; and it was with something of anticipation that the critic laid himself out to hear this modern young conductor's version of "The Messiah." The modern young conductor, however, had a surprise in store. He proved himself to be a past master in the art of conventionality; you had only to shut your eyes and listen to the most reverent rendering possible of every passage of this great oratorio according to the ancient gospel of things. No doubt it was a relief to a good many excellent people who were a trifle horrified, perhaps, by expectation; but it was really extraordinary to find an enterprising and up-to-date gentleman of Mr. Wood's peculiar repute for fastidiousness thus acquiescing in that which even some ordinarily old-fashioned people find a trifle old-fashioned.

The soloists were for the most part wholly admirable. Mr. Ben Davies was in exceptionally good voice, and Madame Clara Samuell sang with singular conscientiousness and attention to the spirit of the music. Miss Isabel McDougall is a singer of whom a good deal more should shortly be heard; and Mr. Norman Salmon's voice is always acceptable. The fog, no doubt, somewhat interfered with a purity of tone in general on the part of most of the performers, which could only have added a certain brilliance to its general effectiveness.

Among other concerts of the few days immediately preceding Christmas must be mentioned that of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, whose smoking concert, honoured by the attendance of the Prince of Wales, was given on the Wednesday evening. A smoking concert is

hardly open to any serious criticism, but it may be said that the orchestra, which played work by its conductor, Mr. Ernest Ford, and a portion of "The Victorian Ballet" by Sir Arthur Sullivan, who was present, acquitted itself admirably. Miss Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford also sang with their usual distinction.

The other day the students of the Royal Academy of Music gave for the first time in London a performance of Professor Stanford's "Requiem." It is not necessary to speak at length now of the merits of the work. It is an interesting work as a piece of absolute music; as a "Requiem," however, one is at liberty to have a certain measure of honest doubt. The "Dies Irae" has excellent passages of refined and well-considered composition, and the melody of the "Agnus Dei" is delightful, among the fullest and tenderest inspirations of this fine musician. The swing of the choral passages in that poignant supplication "Hostias et preces" is musically and engrossing. Yet—yet—it is difficult to set this down as a "Requiem" written for the sake of the words. It is written rather for the music's own sake.

THE QUAIL.

The Countess Cæsaresco wrote lately to the *Times* on the subject of a reckless slaughter of birds in Italy and Egypt, which is perpetrated during close time in order to supply our English market. The great exportation of quails for our benefit is specially noticed as requiring attention. The lady's statement that quails are considered in Italy to be unwholesome eating during close time is one which I fancy neither naturalists nor gourmands will consider worthy of attention. It will certainly not weigh with those who love to see this plump little game-bird on their tables. That the quail should receive no protection is, however, another matter.

The bird's cry of "Bit by bit," or "Wet my weet, Wet my weet," is not often heard now in our country. This is attributed by some to the fact that most of the quail's favourite feeding-grounds have been "improved" away. Fine pasture-lands there are now where the ground was once coarse and covered with tussock, bent, thistles, burdock, hawkweed, and such plants as flourish in uncared-for lands, and in such surroundings the quail delighted to remain. Now only very few winter with us; the majority leave in October for the South.

The quail is an accomplished ventriloquist, and the late Lord Lilford, in his "Notes on the Birds of Northamptonshire," says that he often heard a caged quail calling when within a few feet of him which yet gave the impression of being many yards distant. On the western side of Corfu his Lordship found numbers of these birds in the currant-vines on very steep hill-sides, and vast numbers are bred in the cultivated plains around and below Seville, where their numbers are thinned in the pairing season by a clever method of calling the birds into a net by imitating the call-note of the female. On the island of Capri, in the Bay of

Naples, it is on record that as many as 160,000 have been netted in a single season.

Many of us have eaten them in the South of France during the grape season. The birds can be caught by the hand when they have, as the French say, intoxicated themselves by feeding on the ripe grapes. During the winter and the early spring they feed on the seeds of the plantain, dock, vetch, and chickweed. Slugs also and insects help to form the bird's diet. The Italians' notion that it is unwholesome to eat quails at a given season arises, no doubt, from the fact that it is pleasanter eating and the flesh is plumper at certain times of the year than at others, owing largely to the varying nature of the bird's food. The quail is a favourite pet in Spain; the birds are kept much in cages there, and are valued because of their song.

That the quails have been taken on the Continent at the time of the vernal migration, when netting them is an easy matter, is not to be denied. "We remember," says Lord Lilford, "seeing a steamer at Messina, in the month of May 1874, one of whose officers assured us that he had six thousand pairs of quails alive on board, all destined for the London market. The unhappy birds are carried in low flat cages or boxes, wired only in front, and it is surprising what a very small percentage of them die on the voyage, unless a 'sea' happens to break over them. They thrive well on millet and soon become fat; but, in our opinion, this traffic should be prohibited, as the unfortunate birds are caught on their way to their breeding quarters, and some of them at all events would afford sport at a legitimate season when naturally fit for the table." "Chaud comme caille," says the French proverb, because quails are exceedingly amorous and pugnacious at the time of pairing. They thrive well in confinement, and are easily "fatted up" for the table.

Quails have until recently been very plentiful in the Hawaiian Islands, but a foe has appeared on the scene in those beautiful islands which threatens to work much havoc among their numbers. This is the mongous, numbers of which have been introduced into Hawaii, in the hope of thinning down those frightful armies of rats which feed on the sugar-cane. Such monster rats those are as I have never seen elsewhere. They played about our garden-wall like kittens during the four years I lived in Honolulu. But upsetting the balance of Nature by introducing strange wild animals is not done with impunity, as our Australasian colonists have proved in the case of the rabbit. The mongous find the quail to be a delicious morsel, and little "Bit by bit" is becoming rarer in Hawaii.

As to the legitimate season for the eating of the quail, in Spain, Turkey, and Greece the young birds are fit to shoot by the middle of August. They are generally covered with fat then. Live quails used to be exposed in some dealers' shops in cages, with a feeding trough in front, but I have lately been told by three respectable poulterers that the living birds are not brought, as they formerly were, in any numbers to this country, and that although it is possible to get them at any season of the year, they themselves only deal in them during the proper game season.

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Bu Mézil 97.

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BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Any information which enables us to escape the risks of disease by warning us of possible sources of danger and infection, must always be heartily welcomed by every intelligent person. Therefore, certain researches on the media or soils wherein the tubercle bacillus is best fitted to grow, by Dr. Arthur Ransome, will appeal to us all as of highly interesting and practical nature. Dr. Ransome had already made important investigations into the matter of light-influence on the bacillus of tubercle, and showed how direct sunlight killed the microbe in a relatively short period of time. His conclusions are well worthy the attention not of the medical profession alone, but of the public, who desire education in the beneficent work of disease-prevention. We are first reminded that tuberculous matter, exposed to daylight and placed in free currents of air, is soon robbed of its disease-producing qualities, and it is equally important to note that Dr. Ransome has come to the conclusion that even in the dark, fresh air may exercise a destructive influence on tuberculous material. This is another and a new argument for the free and full ventilation of our homes at large. Light is a great destroyer of microbe life, but it is ably seconded by fresh air. If the air be of confined character, the tubercle bacillus will flourish and grow, or will at least retain its disease-producing powers, for a lengthened period. The same action is noted when air is absent. Foul, close air is to be regarded as a condition favourable to the

spread of the disorder, and, it is almost needless to say, is one only too frequently represented in the dwellings of the people.

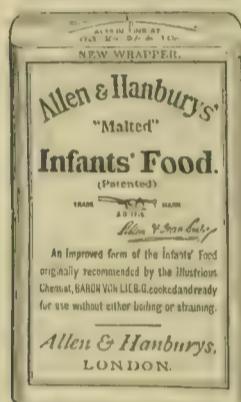
That the spread of consumption is, no doubt, due to matter from infected lungs being allowed to escape into the air, to mingle with its floating dust, and thus to pass into other lungs that are fitted to act as a soil for the tuberculous seed, admits of no doubt whatever. And the condition which, according to Dr. Ransome, favours the chances of the successful attack of the bacillus upon us is impure air containing organic matter—that is, matter derived from animal bodies or from ground air, which is also liable to be impure. Dr. Ransome also determined to see if the vapours arising from the ground and the effluvia or vapours from the body itself would respectively act as favourable conditions for the growth of the microbe. One experiment described is particularly interesting. Tubes with filter-paper as the medium, and condensed fluids from the breath of a healthy and of a consumptive person were employed. These media were inoculated with the bacillus, and two tubes additional with fluid from healthy breath alone, but with 5 per cent. of glycerine added, were also charged with the microbes. Within four weeks all of the four tubes showed an active growth of the bacilli, and one of the latter tubes (containing the healthy breath-fluid) was also found to present a crop of germs. This result took place at an ordinary temperature, and Dr. Ransome concludes, therefore, that if the suitable soil—impure air with its organic matter—be present in

dwellings, the tubercle bacillus will grow in the temperature ordinarily maintained in our living-rooms. Yet another argument for fresh air and plenty of it.

Tubes were next used with condensed vapour from the lungs and with ground air from a pure sandy soil. A very large measure of success in growing the tubercle bacillus was also attained here; indeed in only one case, Dr. Ransome says, was there complete failure to grow the microbe, and that was seen where the vapour from healthy breath had been employed as the soil. The important conclusions to which these investigations lead are set forth in due order. We learn that the vapour charged with organic matter (that is, the worn-out particles of our frames) coming from our lungs, whether the lungs be healthy or diseased, serves as an excellent cultivating medium for the growth of the tubercle microbe. The air of cellars acts in the same relation to the bacillus, and even vapour from relatively pure ground, if it be free from the disinfecting influence of light and air, will develop the germ. Nor is another conclusion to be passed over. Dr. Ransome adds that when the supporting substance of the cultivation is "common wall-paper," the bacillary growth is very manifest; so that as regards rooms in which consumptive patients dwell, we see a distinct probability of the bacillus growing freely on the walls if they are allowed to escape into the air at all. The end of the matter, and the great lesson taught us, is that fresh air and light are our safeguards against infection. Perhaps it is because light and air are costless things that we do not value them

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as agents of the most direct and powerful nature in the preservation of health.

A correspondent asks whether I can assist him in procuring definite evidence of the alleged race deterioration which takes place in great cities and centres of population. I think he will find such evidence collated in the works of the late Sir B. W. Richardson, M.D., and in those of the late Dr. Milner Fothergill. Dr. Cantlie has also written on this topic, if I mistake not. My correspondent thinks that we adopt too readily the belief that city life necessarily leads to physical degeneration; but he fails to show any grounds for his assumption. Personally, I do not doubt that the influence of town life is all on the side of degeneracy, although I am far from denying that counteracting influences exist. Thus, when the town population

takes to the suburbs and breathes a purer air, this condition will be all in favour of an increase of health—at least, until the suburbs, in their turn, are absorbed into the octopus-like grasp of the ever-extending city. Then we have to reckon with the question of exercise and games. There is a greater tendency now than of yore on the part of city-dwellers to indulge in exercise. But that the general trend of life in towns is towards physical decay I think nobody who has studied the question will deny. We are surrounded in cities by an environment which does not favour long life. From the air we breathe, to the hurry and unrest of big centres, many causes are at work to shorten our days, and the habit of "lengthening our nights" is not the least powerful of the causes which make the race decay.

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.

D R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1864.

D R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

D R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1868: "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

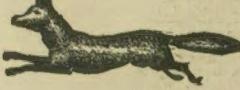
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Princess Christian, on whom will probably fall some of the public duties zealously discharged by the late Duchess of Teck, has promised to visit Chatham early in the year to lay the foundation-stone of the new Town Hall, and to assist at the dedication of the Victorian Tower erected at St. Mary's Church as a memorial of the Diamond Jubilee.

The Earl of Crewe, a personality that can be ill-spared, even for a time, from the ranks of Liberal peers, has met with a serious accident while hunting with the Cheshire Hounds on Monday. He now lies at Crewe Hall with a broken collar-bone and less serious injuries to his head.

The Christmas list of death-notices in the newspapers is always a long one—not, as might be supposed, in the case

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is the only reliable and thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. It is prepared by an experienced Chemist, and under its Latin name of "Terre Cinolia" is constantly prescribed by the most eminent Living Dermatologists, and was especially recommended by the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and the late Dr. Tilbury Fox. For general use it is simply invaluable. It is the Best Dressing for Infants, the Nursery of Her Majesty the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duchess of Teck, &c., and now extensively employed in the Nurseries of the Empress of Russia, our own Royal Princesses and Duchesses, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland, the Grand Duchess Paul of Russia, the Duchess of Sparta, and most of the Aristocracy. Recommended by the Faculty. The eminent physician Dr. Routh says: "I feel I cannot too highly recommend it." "I cannot afford to be without it." —Dr. Bainbridge. A lady writes: "Here, in India, for Prickly Heat, I found it worth a guinea a tea-spoonful." Post free. Send 13 or 3s. penny stamp.

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Mme ADELINA PATTI says:

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For all irritations of the skin it is unequalled. Chaps, Redness, Roughness, disappear as if by magic.

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BLAIR'S Gout and Rheumatic PILLS.
 GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,
 Are quickly relieved and cured, without restraint of diet, by these celebrated Pills. All Chemists and Stores, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

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Contains the WHOLE of the ACTIVE REMEDIAL ELEMENTS of this famous REMEDY for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, DEBILITY, RHEUMATISM, EMACIATION, &c. It DIRECTLY ATTACKS DISEASE, whereas Emulsions and other dilutions of Cod Liver Oil only play with it.

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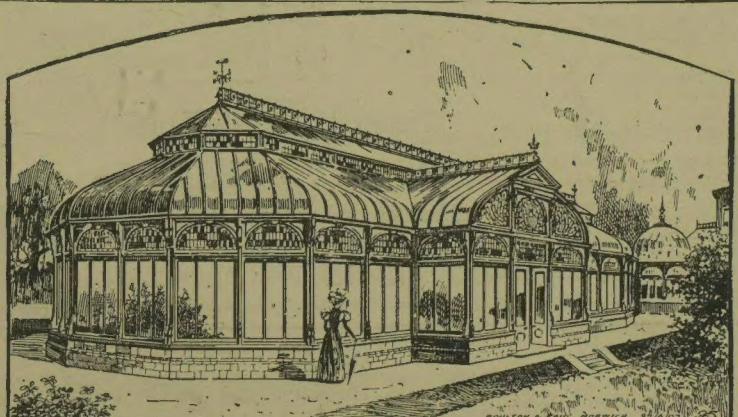
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of the young and indiscreet, but in that of the old. The notices in the *Times* on Christmas Day contained ten deaths of persons whose united ages reached a total of 770 years, being an average of seventy-seven for each life.

Mr. Bodley, who is a diligent student of French life, and who carries to his task of observation the almost judicial methods of an English Royal Commission, on one at least of which he has served as secretary, is now staying at the Château de Valençay, which has the renown of being the largest château in France, larger even than Chambord. It was bought at the beginning of the century by Napoleon for Talleyrand, who must have found it a stately contrast to the house he inhabited in Kensington. The château has a unique distinction otherwise than in its size; for it was given

by Talleyrand, before his death, to his great-nephew, its present owner; and affords, therefore, the rare example of a property which has changed hands only once during the century.

The *Daily Telegraph* has closed its shilling subscription for the Prince of Wales's Jubilee Hospital Fund by sending to the honorary secretaries a cheque for £37,779.

German potatoes for Ireland! We shall next hear of German coals in Newcastle. A Limerick steam-ship company dared the insult to the Irish potato by the introduction of the German rival, and sold the cargo at a reduction of two or three pence per stone on current Irish prices. Already in the Glin Industrial School,

managed by the Christian Brothers, who have always been counted among patriots, the potato made in Germany is a standing dish.

The Commander-in-Chief's daughter, the Hon. Frances Wolsey, has turned author, and that in a rather unusual way for a woman, though no woman but a soldier's daughter could write a story of the great Marlborough more appropriately than she. It is four years since her father published his elaborate *Life of Marlborough*. Miss Wolsey has condensed it admirably, so that Caran d'Ache might illustrate it. This he has done (for Messrs. Grevel) with great cleverness, displaying all his varied styles, from silhouette to colour work. Miss Wolsey's book complements her father's.

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Cloths, 11½d. each; Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Frilled Linen Pillow-Cases, from 1/4½ each.
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